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Things in General

MUCH is being said in the press about the new system adopted by the Department of Education for Ontario. "Nature study" seems to be the name generally applied to the new system, and presumably supplies the keynote of the new method. I confess that it gives me but a vague idea of the meaning of what appears to me to be much ado about little. Either those editors who are analyzing the new regulations with an appearance of great wisdom are pretending to know a great deal more than enough to pass an examination, or somebody much interested in having the new scheme make a good impression is doing the work, or else I am too slow in discovering that any great changes will strike either the methods of the teachers or the schools. When so much fuss is made one imagines that necessarily there has been a great change such as is described as "now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer, etc." Hereafter, as heretofore, the teaching will largely depend upon the teacher, though more latitude is to be allowed in both the training and methods of the schoolmaster. Object lessons taken from plant and animal life, intended to develop observation and lead the youthful mind to grow by degrees in a knowledge of its surroundings, suggest an excellent programme if capable teachers can be found to direct mental development along those lines. The schoolteacher is apt to be a good deal of a machine, and originality, initiative and perseverance are qualities perhaps too rare and too hard to develop in the pedagogical mind, to create anything like a revolution in teaching methods until those who are now of middle age have passed into the highest high school of all.

Speaking from the viewpoint of the middle-aged—it is important to always bear in mind how old we are when speaking of or to youth—I can remember when Hell was considered the linchpin of religion, when even the humane, the gentle and benevolent held that if the fiery furnace were dropped out of religious teaching the greatest incentive to behave would disappear, and it would result in the viciousness of the majority, who, having nothing dreadful to avoid and no natural impulse to prepare for anything better than the present, would be like a lot of bad children without a prospective "examination day" to make them study and be good. As the new regulations are intended to largely do away with home work and examinations, it may in future be somewhat difficult to decide whether the ordinary child is making proper progress. It is the tendency of the age to do everything possible by proxy; the parents leave the education of their children far too much in the hands of others, and if the "examination day" test is not to furnish some standard by which results may be judged, almost everything must be trusted entirely to the conscientious performance of the teacher's duties. Doubtless difficulties will disclose themselves, for parents untrained in "Nature study" will be puzzled to know what that sort of thing is doing for Tom and Lizzie. It is a bit comforting to those of us who cannot see old landmarks swept away without a twinge of regret, or be deprived of our hope of Hell without a pang, to know that as when in religious teaching Hell was properly, though not technically, relegated to the background, all laws and restraints were not removed, so when examinations are to be done away with as unnecessary and unprofitable torturings certain educational standards will still have to be lived up to, and some tangible evidence provided to keep parents from thinking that there is "nothing doing."

Perhaps this Province may have been getting out of line with progress in educational matters; it may be that we were in a bad rut and did not know it; it may be we are about to push to the front again and put the wheel into a new track; it may be the pendulum is swinging too far; but I feel neither great enthusiasm, any undue opposition to experiments, nor, in fact, any legitimate right to criticize what I do not fully comprehend. I am making as careful a study of the matter as possible, and perhaps later on may venture to make a few suggestions. If anybody should know what is the wisest course to pursue it should be the teachers themselves, and it would appear that the teachers, through their leaders, favor the course that has been adopted without any considerable opposition except from those who are perpetually measuring a man's attainments by his knowledge of Latin. These academic grandmothers have no more right to use such a measurement than a printer has to consider another man an ignoramus who does not know nonpareil from brevier. Possibly from a purely technical point of view the new regulations will be welcomed by everybody as separating utilitarian training from "culture" courses. Talking about culture—never mind, let's drop the subject!

THE "Globe," referring to Postmaster-General Mulock's proposal to exclude swindling advertisements of patent medicines and appliances from the mails, remarked, "If the patent medicine advertisement be denied access to the mails the Dominion will suffer from a visitation of bill-board and advertising-wagon fiends." The proposition was not to exclude patent medicine advertisements, only those considered to be swindles. Surely the "Globe" does not need any statute to keep such advertisements out of its columns, though the identical advertisement referred to by Sir William Mulock in his speech has appeared in the "Globe" and other city papers since its true character was pointed out not only in "Saturday Night," but in the House of Commons and the Senate. Possibly the "Globe," looking further through its advertising columns, may find something which will make particularly interesting the following short editorial from London "Truth":

"A letter recently written by the 'Dr. McLaughlin' gang to a party who had been nibbling, but had not taken the bait, contains this instructive paragraph: 'You can have our latest improved and best No. 8, 'The Giant' Electro-Vigor, the regular price of which is £15, for £5, or our No. 7 for £3.' So that if he stands out long enough a customer can get the article for which £15 was at first asked for one-third of that price. This being the usual course of business, what clearer evidence could be desired of its swindling character? Let it be further remembered that the German police have lately warned the public of that country that the McLaughlin belts, having been scientifically tested, are found to be useless for producing any medical results, and it will be seen that even the £5 asked for the £15 article is £5 too much. Yet there are plenty of English newspapers and magazines still ready to assist, at their own price, in finding fresh dupes for these Yankee quacks."

The newspapers would possibly be more respected if the advertisements referred to by "Truth" were on the "bill-boards and advertising wagons" instead of on the pages devoted to "exalting righteousness," as the editor of the "Globe" would put it.

M. R. A. B. AYLESWORTH, K.C., in his incidental remark to an interviewer, when asked if he were about to enter the Dominion Cabinet, that men are often kept out of politics by the "abuse to which public men are subjected," cannot be fairly charged with admitting that he was afraid of that sort of thing, or asking that if he entered politics he should be exempted from it. This is the turn, however, that some of the Opposition papers are giving to his words, and it must be regretted that as brilliant and kindly a gentleman should be treated to an advance dose of what he seemed to be anticipating, in order to keep him out of public life. It may be true, as the "Telegram" says, that Canadian public men are protected by accepted conventionalities from attacks on their private lives and affiliations as they are in no other country, but the tone in which Mr. Aylesworth's words have been criticized cannot but be offensive to one so admittedly unassuming and unselfish as he. To suggest to probably the hardest-working

lawyer in Canada that he expects, if he goes into politics, that things are to be made especially easy for him, or to twist out of his words the idea that one of the most indomitable legal fighters is something of a poltroon at heart by being afraid of abuse, certainly looks like an attempt to keep a good, clean and brave man out of politics. I cannot see that editors, used to throwing rocks at other people and being hit back, as we all are occasionally, and sometimes unfairly, can be proud of refusing a certain amount of recognition of that less conspicuous phase of character which shrinks from unmerited abuse and the persistent distortion of facts intended to make the victim feel small and sorry he was born.

CRITICISM of Canadian hero-worship, which appeared lately in Old Country papers, was not altogether unmerited, for, as I remarked at the time, Toronto rather made a spectacle of itself in the Dundonald, Scholes and Perry demonstrations. Englishmen and Englishwomen will perhaps learn by and by that they can do this country no good by writing exaggerated accounts of what we think and do. As a matter of fact, many Canadians think that Canada makes a mistake in not thinking well enough of herself; Canadian authors have been known to complain that they get no recognition in their own country, and to a certain extent this is true. There is a growing feeling amongst Canadians, not only of self-appreciation, but of the desire to make every citizen of this country who distinguishes himself feel that his ability, or skill, or endurance, or whatever is his specialty, is fully recognized. Occasionally we may overdo it, or when three big demonstrations come so near together as they did in Toronto recently it may seem to outsiders that we do nothing else. The appointment of Dr. William Osler to the regius professorship of medicine at Oxford, and the selection of Dr. Douglas Armour, another Canadian now of London, to operate on Waldeck-Rousseau, ex-Premier of France, have both given intense satisfaction to Canadians—a satisfaction

"bigots" we begin to regard Liberty as a subject that should not be discussed lest in the discussion somebody's feelings may be hurt. Of course it would be ridiculous for anyone to live in fear of a repetition of the Gunpowder Plot, but the impulse of that plot is behind scores of little plots in this and every other so-called Christian country for the restoration of a religio-political order of things which is not for the good of that which calls itself Protestantism. I am looking at the subject from a purely civil standpoint, and of course if Protestantism, from its religious aspect, is unimportant, and that which tends to restore the condition of things which existed before Protestantism was established, is to be assisted in its work by the absence of any protest by churchmen and the spineless posture of time-serving guardians of the faith, why, the matter had better be dropped.

Wasn't it a Cabinet Minister who asked a "Globe" reporter if he could not "forget some things"? Forgetting things is a convenient way of walking arm-in-arm with everybody. It is wise to forgive and to forget, but one should scarcely start either the forgiving or the forgetting till the trespassing which causes injury or offence has ceased. God Almighty is not supposed to forget, or even forgive, until he has been asked, repentance expressed, and reformation promised by the petitioner. Possibly the modern reading of one's duty to oneself, one's fellow and the State, may mean the apparent forgiving and forgetting of everything that may hinder us from making a dollar or being smugly popular with everybody. In the light of this doctrine the early martyr was an ass not to recant rather than be roasted at the stake, tossed by bulls and torn by lions. Such is not the spirit of Roman Catholicism, or those who suffered and died for the faith would not have been canonized and remembered as saints. For hundreds of years it was not the spirit of Protestantism, or Luther would have been generally voted a busybody, John Knox a fool, and Wesley a crank—as they were by those who opposed the reformers. Every reformer, Roman Catholic



Ross and Whitney—"Isn't he a dirty boy?"

felt mostly by the thoughtful people who see in these things, perhaps not great in themselves, an incentive to study. It has, until perhaps recently, been regarded as worth remembering. Soft-shelled Christians might seriously consider whether in following the policy of "forgetting some things" it would not be much more neighborly of us to abandon the celebration of Christmas lest we offend our Jewish neighbors, who are becoming so wealthy and influential. For the same reason Good Friday and Easter should certainly be made less noticeable in the programmes of both Catholics and Protestants. The United States in "forgetting some things" might, out of politeness, drop the Fourth of July as a holiday, as it may recall a disagreeable recollection to the British. As a matter of fact, the English are not wounded a little bit by the celebration of a day which lost them thirteen of their choicest colonies, as the principle underlying the revolt of those colonies has been so widely recognized as to be out of dispute. I never heard a Roman Catholic complain of the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day, or even mention the matter. Probably they and the majority of Protestants, unless reminded by a celebration, would forget what was meant by the Gunpowder Plot—to have their memories jogged may be good for both of them. If communities are held together by nothing stronger than the buttermilk ties which must be protected from rupture by silence with regard to everything historical upon which our political, and possibly religious, principles are based, we might as well be deaf and dumb. However, here is the resolution of the Federation:

"That, in the opinion of the council of the Imperial Protestant Federation (which represents the interests of nearly two hundred Protestant organizations in the United Kingdom and the colonies), it is most desirable that the tercentenary of the merciful deliverance of this nation from the Gunpowder Plot of 1605 should be duly celebrated in every part of the British Empire during the month of November, 1905, by public thanksgivings to Almighty God for His mercies in delivering the nation from that wicked conspiracy; and by earnest prayer that in the future He will graciously preserve the whole British Empire from the machinations of the Papacy. It is suggested that the tercentenary celebrations should consist of sermons on the Gunpowder Plot in every Protestant place of worship, of public demonstrations and meetings (including special ones for children), and by the publication and circulation of Protestant literature suitable for the occasion. The secretary of the Imperial Protestant Federation is hereby requested to send copies of this resolution to every Protestant society in the Empire united to this federation, asking them to organize local celebrations, and to invite them to send in suggestions for the more efficient commemoration of our great national deliverance. The council is further of opinion that a great national demonstration should be held in London as near as possible to November 5, 1905."

Bishop Sweetman, when shown a copy of the above resolution, said: "I am opposed to any such celebration, as it can

only be mischievous in its results. No good end can be obtained by keeping alive the old discord and bitterness between two large sections of the population. What have we in this land to do with the Gunpowder Plot? Who is "keeping alive the discord and bitterness?" Certainly it is not those who are willing to be citizens without distinction of creed, but those who demand that their creed must be recognized and their Church exalted as superior to the State. Those who insist on being separated as a special section of the community, it would seem, are the ones who might "forget some things" that some other things may be forgotten.

THE "Globe" paragrapher* concerned about the mental condition of the "Mail and Empire," which is evidently flag-crazy, and sees flags and flasks, snakes, snails and snapping-turtles all over the sky and under the bed, says: "The 'Mail and Empire' now has both hands on the Union Jack and its teeth on the loyalty cry. But the great problem of disposing of our contemporary's ears is still unsolved." It might make its ears more useful than its bray by putting arm-holes in them and wearing them as an overcoat.

FIRST in joke, then in earnest, people in the throng at the fire last Sunday night remarked, "Don't you crowd or you will be arrested." The remarks of Colonel Denison in his police court lecture on crowding had evidently reached all the readers of the newspapers. The extraordinary rapidity with which Brown Brothers' stock of stationery supplies went up in flames and smoke drew thousands of people to the scene of destruction, and though the fire was in one of the best residential sections of the city, portions of the crowd for a few moments were unmanly to the point of being intolerable in one instance. Those trying to get nearer the fire met those trying to get away from it, and the two streams could neither mingle with nor pass one another. The police were busy keeping people from standing on the hose and could pay no attention to the crowd, and as a result groups of half a dozen ill-mannered youths, in probably a dozen instances, felt free to push their way whither they wished, but the remonstrance, "Don't crowd or I will have you arrested," at once subdued their exuberance. It should not require policemen to keep people from standing on the hose at a fire; a grain of ordinary sense should be enough to restrain people fit to be at large from such behavior. In a crowd, however, everything goes, and this city, already indebted to Colonel Denison for the roast that he gave the crowd, will be under still greater obligation to him if, as he promised, he makes an example of everyone who starts to elbow and push his way in a mass of people.

ANOTHER evidence of how quickly information can be conveyed to the people of a city and the extent to which their conduct and opinions can be thus shaped, was to be found in the generally expressed opinion at the Queen City rink fire, that the Fire outfit needs reorganization. I live within half a block of the fire, noticed the alarm, heard the first approach of a portion of the fire brigade, saw the flames streaming hundreds of feet heavenward simultaneously with the arrival of the firemen. All this was within five minutes, so while there may have been no unusual expedition there was no undue delay after the sounding of the alarm. In the course of twenty-five years' newspaper work I have been at a good many fires, though I always avoid them except they are in my immediate neighborhood, and I must confess that the way the brigade and appliances were handled seemed to me crude and unsatisfactory, though lack of pressure, hose, etc., may account for most, if not all, of it. In the first place, the serious nature of the fire appeared to be greatly underestimated, owing to the locality and the unusual presence there of a large collection of inflammable goods. No breeze fanned the flame, but had one sprung up the whole block would have gone, and had it changed into a wind a considerable section would have been devastated. Detachments of the brigade kept arriving for nearly half an hour after the fire started, and in some instances they did not seem to know where to go or what to do, the drivers on the wagons occasionally consulting as to where they should locate themselves. The fire in St. Paul's schoolhouse appeared to receive little attention, and altogether I could hardly blame the crowd for thinking and saying that the whole outfit needs to have something done to it. Doubtless the people of this city have read of the dissatisfaction existing in some circles owing to the number of fires and the high rates of insurance, and have been prone to be over-critical of the fire department and brigade. Enough has been said to prove that the whole question must be gone into, and whatever is needed must be attended to regardless of either expense or personal claims or position.

IN reducing six non-commissioned officers to the ranks for running an illegal canteen at Fort Sheridan—one of the United States army posts near Chicago—Colonel Whitehall, the commanding officer, explained to the men that they could not expect to be permitted the same liberty of conduct as that which the commissioned officers enjoy. "To put the private on the same footing as the commissioned officer," he said, "would be ruinous to discipline. We must have caste in the army, just as there is caste in outside society. We have the class distinctions, and without them we could have no discipline." No Canadian familiar with conditions on the other side of the boundary is likely to deny the accuracy of Colonel Whitehall's statement. In fact, what he said would have attracted no attention had not certain Yankee papers and periodicals undertaken to rebuke him for expressing sentiments never supposed to be expressed in the land of liberty and social equality. But the colonel has been taken to task pretty generally for what "Harper's Weekly" calls "his unfortunate method of expressing" his sentiments. "There are no rigid divisions between folks in this country," says the editor of "Harper's." "There is no caste in American society." To those who know Yankee conditions such claims are only amusing. In no country in the world are social distinctions more rigidly drawn than they are in the United States to-day. The Newport millionaire can give the nobility of England many pointers on exclusiveness. In Europe the distinctions are chiefly based on differences of birth; in the United States wealth regulates the social status. In almost every country society is made up of a number of classes, more or less distinctly divided by some barrier of human making. The fact that the law of the United States does not recognize any such barriers does not justify the denial of their existence—and any such denial merely excites the amusement of the unprejudiced observer.

M. R. ERNEST HEATON, B.A., Oxon., a member of the Ontario Bar, has written an interesting and valuable brochure entitled "The Trust Idea and its Development." The history of the trust idea is instructive. It appears that the first organizations to carry on the business of administrator and trustee in the United States were life insurance companies—the first of these companies for the insurance of lives and the granting of annuities being incorporated in 1812. Twenty years later the success of what in India were called Agency Houses attracted others to organize to transact business for trustees or individuals, to receive money on deposit and to administer estates. Only four of the Trust companies organized in the United States prior to 1880 are still doing business, though to-day over 1,500 trust companies are in operation in the Republic, with an aggregate capital of \$317,000,000; surplus and undivided profits of \$363,000,000; individual deposits of \$2,122,000,000, and nearly \$3,000,000,000 of resources. "The American trust company of to-day," Mr. Heaton goes on to say, "combines every function of financial business, and has been called the department store of finance." The modern company differs from the bank only in that it does not discount paper or

issue bank notes, while undertaking in addition to banking business the following functions: "Business as executor, administrator, assignee, trustee and agent for individuals, business as trustee, agent, transfer agent, registrar and liquidator for corporations, the reorganization and promotion of corporations, the underwriting of the stock of corporations, fidelity insurance, the insurance of land titles, and a safe deposit business." Though by no means stringent in his criticisms, the author deprecates the "department store of finance" phase of these undertakings, and suggests when dealing with the Canadian companies the wisdom of confining trust company charters to transactions as administrators and executors.

In the United States there have been failures of organizations doing business under the name of trust companies, but "it is very difficult to ascertain what amount of trust funds, if any, has been lost by such failures. Officials of New York trust companies state that not a dollar of trust funds has ever been lost by the failure of a trust company in that city."

The author does not believe that trust companies should have a right to receive money on deposits, and inferentially opposes them engaging in underwriting stocks. In Australia and New Zealand the function of administrator and executor for intestates, lunatics and those who do not desire individual executors, is vested in a court official called a public trustee, and though the details vary, the government guarantees the fidelity of the official.

In Canada, the writer says, "The history of trust companies was for some years practically the history of one company, the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, which was organized in 1882 under special charter granted by the Government of Ontario. From its incorporation it has enjoyed the confidence of the Government and courts of the province; it invests the court funds of the Government in mortgages guaranteeing the principal and interest, and has full control and management of all lunatic estates in Ontario. The company has invested for the court over \$6,000,000 and has assumed for the public and the courts trust and estate business amounting to over \$40,000,000. In 1900 it absorbed the Trusts Corporation of Ontario," and "now has important branches in Winnipeg and Ottawa. The capital stock of the company stands at \$1,000,000, all paid up, with a reserve of \$300,000. From its inception the policy of the management has been dictated by a high sense of its paramount obligations as trustee. It has not used its wide powers except as incidental to the purpose for which it was created. It has not risked its character and capital by underwriting the stock of industrial enterprises; it has not received deposits. There are to-day seventeen trust companies in Canada, counting the branches of the Toronto General Trusts and the Royal, the Eastern and the National Trust Companies all in as separate institutions. Of these, five are in Toronto, two in London, Ont., one in Ottawa, one in Vancouver, one in St. John, N.B., two in Montreal, four in Winnipeg, and one in Halifax. Some of the existing companies are closely associated with a loan company, and trust and loan companies appear under the same headings in the Government reports and some of the city directories."

It is impossible to deal at length with all the phases of Mr. Heaton's work, but his summing up of the advantages offered by a trust company is that "The stock in trade of a trust company is special skill, constant vigilance, permanent reliability, and, most important of all, good management. The trust company does not die. This is a substantial advantage, because trusts frequently last for twenty-five or fifty years. The creator of a trust may select the original trustees with the greatest care, but it is impossible for him to control the selection of their successors. The trust company is always available; it is never ill, and never takes a vacation; its officers are experts in the management of estates; the execution of trusts is their primary concern and not subordinate to other interests, as is sometimes the case with individuals. These officers know how to meet each emergency as it arises, and how to make the best of estates committed to their charge. It is in constant touch through its manager and directors with the financial world, and is constantly on the watch in the interests of its clients to procure new investments and advise when a change of investment is desirable. A trust company cannot abscond. Its clients have the whole capital of the company as security for the faithful performance of its duties, and it keeps a separate account of each trust. Its advice is wholly disinterested, and as the custodian of family secrets it is as impersonal and secretive as Egyptian Sphinx. It costs no more to employ a trust company than an individual. "And there are other advantages in employing a trust company which have not been generally advertised. No man cares to be under an obligation to a friend or relative in his life; still less is he willing to place his family in this position after he is gone. Formerly no other course was open to the man who had property to leave behind him after death, but with the advent of the trust company the necessity for this has disappeared."

Mr. Heaton quotes from an Australian writer: "It is difficult, indeed, to see how any private individual would

willingly accept the position of executor, unless it be the family solicitor, who makes his living out of such work. A man once an executor finds himself always a prisoner, because he is obliged to give much more time and attention to his trust work than to his own business, and the anxiety is unceasing. The danger of mistakes occurring owing to inexperience is considerable, the responsibilities are enormous, and the personal liability never ends. He may perform his duties conscientiously, but he will never be given any thanks for his trouble. On the other hand, he may find himself at loggerheads with the members of his family, and perhaps be involved in lawsuits and other worries. There is no more fruitful source of discord between relations and friends than is brought about over the administration of wills and trusts."

To those who are worrying over leaving property behind them when they die—something which does not keep me awake nights—Mr. Heaton's book makes interesting reading.

A TORONTO gentleman has taken enough interest in the matter to send me the following letter, which with profit might be read out to room-at-night youngsters:

"Allow me to express my appreciation of stand 'Saturday Night' has taken on the question of keeping children off the streets at night. I sincerely hope something may come of the publicity you have given to a question in which I am more than ordinarily interested, namely, the helping of the boy. I have lived nearly twenty years in Toronto, and in that time have had a good deal of experience in working for and with boys, and think perhaps I have some experience on which to base an opinion. I firmly believe that a boy who is permitted to wander at will on the streets at night will form more bad habits and do more harm to his character than from any other condition which affects his life. He makes companions of the most questionable kind, is taught an utter disregard for the moral law and the purity of women, besides being continually antagonistic to the civic law and to the police. I have known of boys (and I have a particular case in mind as I write) who, brought up in good homes, with good surroundings, and with everything to attract them, there have been allowed to run riot in the streets until parental authority has lost its power completely and the penitentiary seems to be the final goal. Some two years ago, while coming down Bathurst street in the neighborhood of Queen street, about 11:30 p.m., I noticed on the opposite side of the street a boy and a girl, about sixteen years old, who seemed to be in difficulties. Thinking it might be a case of illness where I might possibly be of some assistance, I crossed, but instead of sickness I found both of them so much the worse for liquor that they found it difficult to stand. I am glad to say that on the part of the girl it was her only and her last experience, but the lad is now a confirmed loafer and drunkard, and no one knows what else. This case is not alone, as I have heard of others of a very similar nature, and it is in the light of this experience that I write. I am a regular reader of 'Things in General' column, because I feel that what is there is honest and from the heart, so I am more than glad that you have taken up this matter."

A DESPATCH from Newfoundland announces that considerable feeling has been aroused in that colony by the action of the Canadian Government in erecting a customs house at Hamilton Inlet, Labrador. The Newfoundlanders claim the territory and because they have occupied it for the past one hundred years, while it is only very recently that Canada has displayed any desire to have it. The British Government is to be asked to settle the disputed proprietorship by disallowing Canada's claims. To the average man the wrangle will appear to be of little importance. Labrador is not regarded as of much account anyway. But if some of us could waken up a hundred years or so hence and see what Labrador has then turned out to be, we should very likely attach a great deal more importance to the settlement of that part of its claim. Newfoundland in dispute. Of course it is likely that Newfoundland will eventually become a part of the Dominion. But there is the possibility that she may not. In any case, now is the time for Canada to establish her claim to all the land that she hopes to own without paying for it. Unclaimed real estate is getting pretty scarce on this continent. Most of the good things have already been staked. The more of Labrador that Newfoundland establishes her claim to, the gain Newfoundland will have, and the harder bargain question of federation comes up for discussion. The Dominion Government is doing a fine thing in bringing the boundary question to the front for final settlement by erecting the customs house at Hamilton Inlet. Our many wrangles with the United States over similar matters have demonstrated the advisability of settling these things before the value of the disputed territory becomes too generally recognized.

FROM the Secretaria de Hacienda y Credito Publico of the Republic of Mexico I receive the compliment of a copy of all the public documents issued by the government, and though I must confess to finding little of sufficient interest to warrant a somewhat painful struggle with statistics and reports printed in Spanish, I return just at hand made Canadian trade look so pitifully small in that particular section of the world as to be worthy of comment. The imports into Mexico for April, 1904, were \$6,222,078.91, an increase of nearly half a million over 1903. For the first ten months of the fiscal year of 1903-04 the imports were \$64,318,649.79, an increase over 1902-03 of \$1,541,813.79—not very large imports, to be sure, compared with our own, but a trade not to be despised. Under the heading of "Countries of Production," subdivision "North America," for the month of April, 1904, Mexico's imports from the United States were \$3,680,528.39; from Canada, \$32,501. The same month, 1903, Canada furnished \$2,552 of Mexican imports, as against \$3,757,054.81 from the United States. For the first ten months of the fiscal year 1903-04 Mexico took goods from Canada to the extent of \$26,505.50, while it took from the United States \$35,047,244.12 worth, and small as was the amount taken from us that year it was an increase of nearly \$9,000 over the same period of 1902-03. Some of the little South American republics and West India Islands sell Mexico stuff that they do not need, though their products are about the same as those of Mexico, they have better communication. The imports at Tampico and Vera Cruz—two of the ports which would be used by Canadian Atlantic ships—in April of this year were in value over three and a half million dollars, and it seems to me that Canada ought to pick up a larger section of this trade.

The exports from Mexico for April were, precious metals, \$6,384,453.59; other articles, \$9,502,570. For the first ten months of the fiscal year they were, precious metals \$77,330,355.92; other articles, \$89,723,265.48. Of these exports the United States took during May, \$12,397,701.56, while Canada apparently absorbed the huge quantity of \$2,228 worth. During the first ten months of the fiscal year the United States took \$116,185,290.08, while Canada received \$11,568 worth. Cuba took nearly three and a half millions of Mexico's exports for the first ten months of the year, while it took nearly \$5,000,000 worth in the same period of 1902-03, a decrease of about a million and a half in ten months since the changed tariff relations with the United States. During the same period Cuba sold over \$90,000 worth to Mexico, a decrease of over \$11,000 as compared with the same period of the previous year.

I am sorry to hear that in spite of a \$50,000 annual subsidy offered by Canada, to be duplicated by Mexico for the establishment of a Canadian-Mexican line of Atlantic steamers, no steamboat company put in a tender. The reason given by the companies for not tendering was that no trade could be built up unless there was an inducement offered for shipments from the country of production direct to a Canadian port. It was stated that if a preference were shown in the tariff to goods thus directly brought in, a trade could be established. I have been contending for years that the principle for which I have been contending for years, that shipments direct to a Canadian port only should receive preferential treatment in order that we may build up our own ports instead of, as at present, building up those of the United States, and being under a "compulsion" to our neighbors for the favor we do them by paying port and terminal charges and railroad freights in the United States instead of in Canada.

It must be admitted that there would be some apparent hardships and delays if we got our Mexican goods by Halifax or St. John instead of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, but it would be much less expensive than if we received them all-rail. We do receive goods from Mexico, but the United States gets all the credit as the importer; and we

sell goods to Mexico, but by the present system the United States gets all the credit as the exporter. Can this country afford to have Canada figuring in the statistics of Mexico and other countries in the absurd and pitiful fashion indicated by the Mexican returns? During a trip through Latin America I found that except in one or two instances Canada had no official existence even in the statistics of a country. The President of Brazil had forgotten there was such a country until reminded that some Canadians had been induced to colonize in his republic, and had to be helped home by the Dominion authorities. The President of Uruguay was in similar ignorance, and his Secretaria de Hacienda, or Finance Minister, could not find that Uruguay had either sold a dollar's worth to, or purchased a dollar's worth of goods from, Canada, though in a very brief examination of his returns I convinced him of a trade amounting to three or four hundred thousand dollars a year. Sir William Mulock has done his best to establish a Canadian-Mexican trade by means of an international transportation system. I am quite convinced that similar efforts will fail for years to come, unless direct cargoes receive preferential treatment.

An evening paper says editorially that the story emanating from Paris, that the new heir to the Russian throne is a changeling, "cannot be true." Such an assurance comes in good time, and—being authoritative—will set the minds of the Canadian people, which were not seriously disturbed by the story at first. One of the principal reasons that the Toronto editor gives for his belief that the Czarvitch is the real article, is the difficulty the Czar and his wife would have in keeping the news of their practical joke on the people from leaking out. One can see at a glance that the journalist appreciates all the drawbacks of high life. He knows how these "hired girls" love to pry into family secrets, and how they simply can't help gossiping. And then, at an important event like the birth of an heir, he reminds us of the relations who would be sure to be present. Aunt Martha and cousin Kate and uncle Si and sister-in-law Charlotte, to say nothing of mother and mother's midwife aunt—not one of them but would be on hand. How, then, could a peasant woman be brought into the bosom of the family and have her son substituted for the fifth daughter of the Czarina? The thing is obviously absurd. Imagine the whole story to her new mission. No, the chances are the young Czarvitch is genuine, and it is to a local editor that credit is due for establishing the child's legitimacy.

DELIGHTFUL indeed are the "nature studies" written, I believe, by Mr. Sam Woods, a member of the editorial staff of the "Globe," and appearing in the Saturday edition of that paper. I scarcely know Mr. Woods personally, only that he is a big, tall chap with a stoop, dreamy, wistful eyes, and a kind face—or I would perhaps take a less indirect method of suggesting to him that a more appropriate time than the present for the publication in book form of his studies as a naturalist could not possibly be found. The change in the school regulations might make possible the adoption of his work as a text-book, for I certainly think nothing more useful has been written on similar subjects by any Canadian. The simplicity and beauty of the style and the faithful and enthusiastic observation of things in nature, remind me of Burroughs and those writers who have made studies that will live in literature. I have failed to notice any fuss that the Canadian Society of Authors has made over Mr. Woods's work, or any attempt of that mutual admiration bunch which had and perhaps has its headquarters in Ottawa, to hand out to this deserving author some section of the praise which should be his. Perhaps his work has not been generally followed, it did not seem sufficiently attractive, and, appearing as it did as "Globe" editorials, it may have been classed with the rest of what appears on that page, as too heavy for the ordinary mental digestion, and "taken as read." I hope I am not infringing on Mr. Woods's copyright by reproducing on this page "The Great Northern Diver," a selection from his articles, by no means of unusual merit, but the only one which at the moment is convenient to my hand.

The Great Northern Diver.

The weird, long call or the shrill, demoniacal laugh coming out of the night tells of the sleepless activity of the loon. The whip-poor-will in the adjacent shrubbery seems companionable, and there is a friendly spirit in the short, shrill tremolo of the night-hawk from the invisible sky. Even the plaint of the screech-owl has a tone of human sympathy; but the dreary cadence of the loon is the voice of the inhospitable night, repelling every thought of human association. It does not entreat, it does not warn; yet there is a fascination in its expressionless strength. Over the black water, under the lowering sky, or through the bright, still moonlight the same unfeeling tone fills the ear of night; and sometimes, when the lingering moon sheds a broad trail of light along the still waters of the lake, this graceful swimmer will glide across and disappear in the darkness, breaking the bright reflection into a multitude of chasing, quivering, trailing threads of silver. Throughout the day, where the cedars come down to meet their shadows in the dark water, he swims ceaselessly about, sitting low, with black, glossy neck gracefully curved and displaying its delicate white markings. Sometimes he stretches himself wearily, flapping his wings and displaying his white breast and the handsome, showy markings of his sides. Though wary and aloof, and without a trace of animation in his loud, penetrating cries, he shows his kinship by the scrupulous care with which he preens his handsome feathers—even lying on his back in the water to comb out and smooth his glossy white breast. A brief cry from overhead may unexpectedly reveal the presence of a pair of loons in another element, and it is always fascinating to watch their steady, strained, energetic flight above the tops of the pines, generally to curve down to some more attractive expanse in the cedar-girt lake. For the water is the loon's natural element. There is an amusing deliberateness in his graceful, silent dive. He does not make the hurried dip of his smaller cousin, the grebe, but more calmly curves both neck and body, disappearing under the surface in a graceful arc. Settling down and swimming with only head and neck exposed is an evidence of suspicion, and is generally followed by a long dive, with a belated reappearance in some remote part of the lake.

When the mother loon takes her two offsprings out for a swim it is a big event in the domestic circle. The outing is announced by prolonged and unusual repetitions of the laughing call. For half an hour the echoes of the lake are kept alive with sounds portentous of a big event in the loon world. Then a peculiar object is seen to emerge from the marshy bay, and cross under the shadowy cedars toward the open water. A field-glass shows it to be the mother loon and her two offsprings, the three huddled so closely together that they are almost indistinguishable. The mother loon is in her care and attention. She strokes the backs of the young birds with her bill, playing and fussing around and close to them, as if they could not exist without her constant attention. Now and then she leans over and lifts a broad, black, webbed foot out of the water, holding it up distended, as if to endorse the modern theory that the parent loon teaches her young to swim. They cling to each other and cling to her, as if afraid of being lost in the great expanse of water to which they have been so recently introduced.

A short distance away the father swims about in lordly indifference, diving occasionally and regaling himself on the unsuspecting fish. A boat comes out from the shore, rowed by an industrious guide, with an angler, picturesquely protected with a mosquito net, sitting in the stern. The mother loon pushes and urges her indolent pair in the direction of safety. How slow they must seem as she hurries and encourages them! The trio move at a snail's pace compared with her ordinary speed, and they show no inclination to dive out of harm's way. Their clinging, crowding tendency serves but to incommode and obstruct her. And where is the male protector? Alas for the romance of chivalry! When the boat comes near he deliberately dives, and, after the usual protracted wait, reappears in another part of the lake, away from the danger that alarms and threatens the defenceless trio; but the mother remains and urges the encumbering young things to speed. They do make some headway, though slowly, toward the marshy bay from which they recently emerged with so much loud, wild laughter. The indifference of the fishermen and the guide do not reassure them, and they never cease their entangled struggle till lost to sight in the winding lagoon. The loons are the largest of the summer visitors that remain in our adjacent lakes, and they do not desert us till the frost threatens to rob them of a local habitation.

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SOCIETY—

At the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, the month of August is going out gayly. Next week is devoted to golf and a good many Toronto people are going over for the final events. Golf, tennis and bridge are the favorite diversions of the actively-disposed, while the pretty town and its surroundings afford drives of unusual interest. The fragrant automobile seems especially suited to Niagara roads and is met everywhere between the lake and Queenston. Musical evenings are a feature of the hotel life, the excellent orchestra, and such musicians as Mrs. Cox, Mr. Lisant Beardmore and Mr. Philip making impromptu concerts an attraction. Last Saturday night the children had a fancy-dress ball which was an extremely pretty spectacle to a large audience of "grown-ups." To the music of "John Brown" more than sixty small persons marched and manoeuvred and danced what used to be called "Sir Roger." Daphne Hostetter, a pretty little "poppy" girl, won the first prize, and Edith Grey, a "fairly," the second girls' prize; Max Haas, as a wild Indian, won the first prize among the boys, Jamie Suydam, a fetching clown, the second, and Harry Fleischmann, as a yellow-clad Turk, the third. Carl Haas, a tiny "snow-ball," had a special prize for good behavior. The costumes were strikingly artistic and prettily-designed, and the judges had no easy task. A dashing little British officer exchanged friendly greetings with Uncle Sam and a little chap from the United States forces, while a solemn young Russian officer looked admiringly upon Japanese maidens and winsome Bo-Peeps. Miss Elizabeth Norris was the daintiest pink rose that ever blushed; Miss Dollie Waleley and her little sister Beth, two sweet girls from Virginia, were quite captivating, the former as a lady of long ago in a quaint white satin gown, the latter as a Red Riding Hood, whom any wolf would have found a dainty morsel. Their cousin, Virginia Jenkins, was a coquettish little Jay in pink and green, and another charming wee Jap was Cordelia Poetz, high-heeled and red, "smirked brightly over the floor. Little Jessie Thompson was another old-fashioned lady with imposing flounces, and there was a small chorister whose decorum belonged to the cathedral rather than the casino. After the children had thoroughly enjoyed themselves and the prizes had been presented, there was an hour's dancing for the other guests, who were happily as picturesque as the small masqueraders. Among those present were Mrs. Suydam, looking very well in a gown of mauve silk trimmed with lace; Mrs. Stephen Haas in black lace; Mrs. Barnard in white, Mrs. Hostetter in white with touches of crimson, Miss Gertrude Foy in a very dainty gown of Dresden silk, with bands of rose and reseda velvet, Miss O'Connor in white silk with touches of burnt orange, Mrs. Cox in black silk trimmed with jet, Miss Deddams and Miss Julia in white in pretty gowns of black chiffon, Miss Violet Edwards in pale blue voile, Miss Clare Geary in white silk, Miss Evelyn Ridout in cream satin, trimmed with lace. Many of the Saturday evening dancers are from the cottages near, among the most popular of these being Miss Edwards, whose dancing is delightful to behold. On Tuesday afternoon a musical entertainment was given in the Casino and the twentieth annual Canadian International Lawn Tennis tournament opened. On Monday the golf competition for ladies' trophy, put up last year by Mrs. Lionel H. Clarke of Toronto and won in 1903 by Miss Butler of Toronto, was opened. On Wednesday the fancy-dress ball in the Casino, beginning at nine o'clock, formed the most brilliant event of the season. The tennis finals are to be played to-day, and to-night the "fetti ball" will be held in the Casino. Golfers are especially interested in the championships which will be held at the Mississauga links, August 29, 30, 31, and on the old Niagara links September 1, 2 and 3.

Mrs. Milroy of Rossland, B.C., who has been spending the summer at Center Island, is now visiting in Toronto.

Miss S. B. Shields has returned from the Beach and is now visiting in St. Louis.

Mrs. D. St. George Fraser, sister of Judge Gregory of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, is the guest of her niece, Frau Lillian von der Osten of 11 Wilcocks street.

On Wednesday, August 17, the chapel of Trinity College was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Bertha M. Harrison, daughter of Mrs. Harrison of College street, was united in marriage to Mr. Harry B. Young. The bride, who looked charming in white silk voile, with dainty chiffon hat to match, and who carried a bridal bouquet of white roses, was escorted to the altar by her uncle and attended by her sister, Miss Ida Harrison, who was gown in white organdie. The bridal party were met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Mr. H. J. Flynn, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Macklem, provost of Trinity College, assisted by the Rev. F. H. Hartley, while Mr. Hewitson presided at the organ. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond pendant, suspended from a gold chain; to the bridesmaid a pearl ring and to the best man a pearl fleur-de-lis scarf-pin. After the ceremony the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom repaired to the home of the bride's mother, where a wedding luncheon was served. The happy couple left on the two o'clock boat, accompanied by the best wishes of their friends, and will visit several points on the other side, after which they will return to reside in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Young were the happy recipients of many beautiful gifts, which were viewed by their friends after luncheon. The wedding was quite a Trinity affair, the groom, best man and organist all being Trinity men.

Dr. Herbert E. Roaf sailed on the "Etruria" last Saturday to resume work in the Liverpool University, after a month's visit to Canada.

A popular visitor from Croyden, England, Miss Connie Day, who has been staying with Mrs. J. C. Kemp, St. George street, left for England last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. H. Kerr and Mrs. Murray Alexander have been staying at "Golfia" Lake Rosseau.

Port Carling, Muskoka, is usually the scene of a good many concerts during the season, since it forms a meeting-place for the cottagers of both Lake

Muskoka and Lake Rosseau. At one of the recent concerts given at the Stratton House, Miss Smith of Toronto, Mr. William Francis of London and Mr. E. E. Noyes, to Mr. Hubert Galt, son of the late Sir Thomas Galt. The wedding will take place in September.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Noyes of Chicago have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Madeline Noyes, to Mr. Hubert Galt, son of the late Sir Thomas Galt. The wedding will take place in September.

A correspondent writes: "On Wednesday last the home of Mr. William Moncrief of Bensford, brother-in-law of the bride, was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding, when Miss Emeline Porter, formerly of Keene, Ont., became the wife of Mr. George A. Bucklelin of Norman, Oklahoma. The bride was becomingly attired in white silk eolienne over taffeta, and carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies-of-the-valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Kate Drummond of Peterboro, wore a dainty gown of white voile. The best man was Mr. George E. Porter, brother of the bride. Rev. Dr. Workman of Toronto performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. James McIntosh of Centerville, Miss Susie Campbell of Peterboro playing the "Wedding March." The rooms were beautifully decorated, luncheon being served in the dining-room. Mr. and Mrs. Bucklelin left that evening for St. Louis and Kansas, en route to their home in the South."

Miss Jean McIlwraith of New York, formerly of Catmbræ, Hamilton, was in Toronto last week on her way to Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Henderson of Hamilton lately spent a few days at "Sana Sana," the picturesque Sanford residence near Port Carling.

Rev. Canon Dixon and Mrs. Dixon have been spending the holidays at Jackson's Point.

Mr. E. Douglas Armour and Mrs. Armour are at "Vimede," Stony Lake.

Reports of an extremely jolly season come from Sturgeon Point, where the regatta has been unusually successful, water polo being the great event. Dr. Ryerson and Mrs. Ryerson and other Torontonians and the Kawartha Lakelanders are increasingly attractive. One does not have to go far from Toronto to come upon Indian legends, and the lake district of Northern Victoria and Peterboro' fairly swarms with them, nearly every rock of respectable size having once been the scene of some dusky Minnehaha's romantic plunge to death. The most interesting of these old stories is the tale of Manita and Ogemah, which is annually told by the campers on the shores of Sturgeon Lake, who seem to believe in the Indian maiden that, by the way, was more considerate than the heroine of the Lake of the Dismal Swamp, and refrained from paddling her white canoe after midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McIntosh of Toronto have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Miller at Pigeon Lake.

Mrs. Stewart Gordon and Mrs. Auguste Boite are spending the summer in Cobourg, which, as usual, is filled with visitors from the United States, including many Southerners.

A correspondent writes: "Trinity Church, Aylmer, was the scene of a pretty wedding on August 16, when Miss Ethel Bingham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bingham, was united in marriage to Mr. Richard E. Davis of London. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Dean Davis of London, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by Rev. A. B. Ramsey, Aylmer. The bride looked charming in a gown of cream duchess satin, with rose point bertha, and veil caught by a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of roses. Miss Helen Farthing acted as bridesmaid, and wore pale blue eolienne over taffeta, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Horace S. Davis of Chatham acted as best man, and the "Wedding March" was played by Miss Davis of Toronto. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, the drawing-room and dining-room being prettily decorated, the bridal table in pale green and white, the other tables with pink sweet peas. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will spend the honeymoon in the Eastern States, and on their return will reside in London."

Invitations have been issued by Mr. Livingston Laidlaw of the name of his daughter Katherine Cleveland to Major James Fraser Macdonald, on Tuesday evening, September 6, in St. Mark's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. Archibald Campbell, M.P., Toronto Junction, on August 20, when his youngest daughter, Miss Mabel Campbell, was married to Mr. James E. Wallbridge of Edmonton, son of Mr. G. Wallbridge of Belleville. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. C. Pidgeon of Victoria Church. Miss Helen Campbell and Miss Helen Wallbridge were bridesmaids and Dr. W. D. Ferris of Edmonton was best man.

Mrs. Sparks of Ottawa is visiting her niece, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, at Assiniboine Lodge.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club's dance committee have arranged that the two dances for August 23 and September 12 will be held in the city club-house.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., of Toronto and his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Stafford, sailed from Newfoundland for the Labrador coast on August 5 on the "Virginia" Lake.

Mr. Alan M. Jones has left for Winnipeg; Mrs. Jones, who is still with her mother Cecil street, will join her husband shortly.

The engagement has been announced in England of Miss Driedon to Mr. Arthur Allan, son of the late Hon. G. W. Allan of Moss Park, Toronto.

Miss Seymour of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Ridout, Rusholme road.

Mr. Frank C. McGee, a popular young man in social and athletic circles in Ottawa, spent a few days in town this week, a guest at Hotel Hanlan. Mr. McGee is a nephew of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee and is the brilliant center of Ottawa's Stanley Cup hockey team, and was also half-back for three seasons on the Rough Riders—Dominion Rugby champions.

Mr. C. S. Murray left with a party on Wednesday for an automobile trip to New York.

Mr. Arthur Fitzpatrick, son of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, K.C., Minister of

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Fine Jewelers Established 1840
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Justice, accompanied by Mr. Fred White and Mr. Frank C. McGee of Ottawa, has returned from a three weeks' yachting cruise of the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Draper have returned to Prescott after a pleasant trip through the Maritime Provinces and the Eastern States.

Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Edwin Kevin and children, of Church street, were passengers Saturday last for Montreal to visit Mrs. Bull's son, Mr. S. J. Bull.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olive May Little, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Walton Little of Toronto Junction, and Mr. Louis Murch, second son of Mr. Frederick Murch of East Toronto. The marriage will take place on September 22.

This has been termed an "age of luxury," when people of all classes have spent much more time and care in improving their homes than was formerly the case. Nothing has contributed so much to the satisfaction of improving the home surroundings as the electric light. It brightens the home, and by its many advantages from a standpoint of healthfulness and cleanliness, adds very largely to the luxury of city life.

The local electric light company has done much to aid Toronto people in getting dainty and artistic lighting effects from their electric lighting by the establishment of its art show-rooms in Adelaide street east.

It is well worth a visit to these rooms to see the art fixtures recently imported from England.

One-fifth of a cent a cup is certainly an economical drink, and yet this is all that "Salada" Ceylon tea costs. One pound costing 40 cents and making over 250 cups of the purest and most delicious tea in the world.

Assistant—Here's a rumor of a battle with a loss of twelve thousand men. Editor—And here's another rumor that the loss was fifteen thousand men. Issue an extra reporting rumors of two battles with losses of twenty-seven thousand men.

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Your time will not be wholly occupied by sight-seeing at the Fair, as no doubt you will have extra shopping to do.
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We have prepared for Exhibition weeks a magnificent display of our natural hair
SWITCHES BANGS POMPADOURS WAVES WIGS
Ladies from out of town will find this display of interest. All are welcome.

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Professor Dorendwend will be at the store during the entire Fair. This is your opportunity to consult him regarding baldness.

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A Swell Affair....

would have a frowsy appearance but for the "Vale" services.

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Potts was off, and by the time I was well under way he had a good lead, and kept it pretty well, though he was handicapped by a little short-handled pair of oars. He certainly can row. I managed to head him off and keep him out. The rest you saw. I lost him in the storm, and perhaps it got him. He didn't fire at me, he gave his oars due, but he tried to scuttle the canoe, and managed to put a hole or two through the bow. He'll certainly live to be hanged, if he isn't at the bottom of Bellamy Lake.

"But what did he want to poke into my canoe for?" I grumbled, as we started for the dining-room. "If it had been your canoe, now—"

"Better have a good look into it after dinner, and see if you are short anything," Jimmy said. "I couldn't see very well what he was up to because the air had grown dark, but it looked as if he were helping himself to something or other. I wish you would remind the clerk," Jimmy added, to a waiting girl as we sat down, "that I haven't got the letter yet which was left here for me to-day. Ask him to try and find Miss Patterson and get the letter for me at once."

I had just sketched Jimmy an account of the day's doings at Rome, according to the gospel of T. Giggles, some points of which made him doubly impatient to receive his belated letter, when a bevy of laughing girls, headed by a tall brunette, blew in from the verandah. They seated themselves with much chatter and laughter about a table and the tall brunette ordered ice cream. And while they waited for the ice cream they began to throw out the signals of a coy readiness with James. But James was occupied. His mind was very busy with Bessie Moore just then, albeit he piled a nimble knife and fork and was playing havoc with the porterhouse steak and eggs. The tall brunette, who had marched haughtily by Jimmy's chair on the way to her own, was heated with her own back to him. She was the only one of the new group who couldn't see Jimmy from where she sat without rubbing her head off, and her eyes hadn't been blessed with a sight of his classic phiz. But presently one of the girls whispered to the tall brunette, with a significant look the Jimmy way. The haughty belle turned her dark head in condescending curiosity, her eyebrows slightly raised. Her black orbs rested upon Jimmy's dark face, for a moment calmly, then with concern. She started, swung about in her chair, and said:

"Why, Mr. Stevens!" Jimmy was helping himself to another pair of fried eggs and his eyes were on them. Having safely landed them, he raised his glance, the exclamation of the tall brunette having probably only just reached his hearing to his brain, for he had Bessie Moore as well as the eggs in mind. His glance met that of the tall brunette likewise that of seven young ladies in various-colored summer gowns, and the silence seemed to grow. Jimmy modestly dropped his eyes to his plate, preferring perhaps to meet the less embarrassing goo-goo effect of the fried eggs.

"Mr. Stevens!" exclaimed the tall brunette, in a tone that fetched Jimmy's head up. "I do believe you don't know me, after all!"

"I'm afraid there is a mistake," said Jimmy, laying down his knife and fork. He smiled, and the girls nudged one another, for Jimmy's smile is something to catch a girl's eye.

"A mistake?" she cut in, and her chin went up a point. She made a move to regard him with interrogative eyes. Then she laughed. "Well, I didn't think your memory would make one, or I wouldn't have said a word, sir. Have you forgot two years ago this very summer, at Alexandria Bay?"

"My dear young lady," said Jimmy suavely, "the mistake is in identity. I am Mr. Stevens, you see."

There was a buzz, then. Eight pairs of goo-goo eyes became fixed eggs. Even the dining-room furniture seemed to wear an interested, intelligent air. The tall brunette puckered her brows for a moment, then merrily laughed.

"Well, I guess I do see—that you're up to some of your old tricks. But you always were a tease! Girls, I wish to introduce to you the horriddest, meanest, provokingest man—"

"Pardon me!" said Jimmy briskly. He was on his feet now, his mouth twitching, but his gaze quite grave. "I really must not let you go on. I quite envy Mr. Stevens his reputation, but I must positively refuse to accept the honor of sustaining it."

"Well, all the cheek! Girls, you know what I told you about him? And don't he just live up to it? Is there another man anywhere in the wide world that would have the nerve to stand there with a straight face and tell up such a speech? I suppose you'll tell us next thing, sir, that you wasn't at the garden party at Sweet's last night."

"I certainly wasn't," Jimmy said. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" chorused some of the girls.

"Oh, I knew he'd deny it! He'd do it on principle—only he hasn't got any. I wonder what Jen Green would say if he heard him now—going back on her."

Jimmy broke into one of his big, breezy laughs, and the tall brunette smiled, the light of reminiscence in her dark eyes.

"The situation is very funny," he said, checking his mirth, "but really, I hope you will not further misunderstand me. Brooks, please assure these young ladies that I have not the honor of being the gentleman they have taken me for."

"Oh, he don't need to trouble to do that!" retorted the brunette, a flush upon her dark cheek. "It isn't at all necessary. A joke's a joke, Mr. Stevens, but there's a limit with a gentleman when it's on a lady, I guess!"

Jimmy stared in mingled displeasure and mirth, and she went on, as her color and temper rose: "A gentleman would know when the situation was just funny enough. Come, girls!" she rose to a majestic five feet ten. "I'm sorry, but I guess we can get some ice cream up street. Well, what are you starting about, Ellen Jane?"

Ellen Jane, whom Jimmy had sent in quest of his letter, stood looking curiously from Jimmy to the tall brunette, and back again. Jimmy with a little shrug said:

"Well, did you get my letter? Couldn't Miss Patterson be found?" Ellen Jane giggled. "Why, this is Miss Patterson," she gurgled, with a little bob at the tall brunette.

Jimmy stared, frowned, and then grimly smiled. "Oh, indeed?" he said, with lifted brows. "If I had known earlier, Miss Patterson, I might have saved the 'situation.' I would have introduced myself. My name is James Carew. The clerk told me he believed you had a letter for me, that was left here to-day."

Miss Patterson had for a moment seemed perplexed, but she measured Jimmy from toe to top, and her seeming perplexity changed to very evident scorn. She eyed Jimmy with the slow scrutiny of gathering contempt, which he withstood with stunted patience and courtesy. Then she said, with cutting emphasis:

"I see now, of course, why you didn't

want to be known. I suppose you thought because I hadn't seen you for two years, and because you'd shaved off your muss-tache, I wouldn't know you."

"Never had one!" said Jimmy, lightly caressing his lately-shaven lip. "Don't like 'em!"

"Well, it does make a difference, I'll admit though I guess you were bare-faced enough. And then, I suppose, when I recognized you, you just thought you'd brazen it out."

"Miss Patterson, will you please give me my letter?"

"And I suppose you thought that because I wasn't at the garden party, and you were so busy with Miss Green, you didn't notice any of my friends there, you would just deny that, too?"

"Of course he was there, Aggie!" said one of the girls. "And he had on those very clothes!"

"But he'd deny it, because he wouldn't want Miss Moore to know about Miss Green."

"I'll thank you, Miss Patterson, to leave Miss Moore's name quite out of our talk!" said Jimmy, flushing.

"Oh, indeed? Well, you needn't worry about her. You've sunk a lot in my estimation, Mr. Charley Stevens alias Mr. James Carew, to go carrying your flirtations so far that you travel around under assumed names. I fancy your next will be with that red-headed beauty that's been making a name for herself in Red Horse Lake. They do say her specialty is tall, dark men. But I suppose what decent people think about it don't matter to you."

"Miss Patterson, for the last time I ask you for my letter!"

"And if I had that letter in my hand now, Mr. Stevens, I wouldn't give it to you. So there! You wouldn't have no right to have it, in my opinion. And when Miss Moore learns of your rude character she'll be just as glad, I guess! Come, girls!" She bestowed a parting glance of virtuous scorn and wrath that included me. Then, with a bewildering swirl of crepe and muslin skirts, Miss Patterson and her satellites swept from the room.

"Hell!" Jimmy said, staring after them.

"I guess you'll have to give it up," I said.

"Give it up?" Jimmy snapped. "Let that girl keep my letter—her letter? I would be a mark. But, by Jupiter! for unadulterated nerve Miss Aggie Patterson beats Cholmondeley Potts! I'll beat her, though!" He rushed off to the office, where he pounded the desk with such violence that the register and clerk jumped together.

"You tell the proprietor of this house that I'll give him just one hour in which to hand over the letter addressed to me and left here to-day by Miss Moore!" he yelled. "And that's just one hour too much!" Then he sedulously bit the end of a cigar. It was, indeed, a march, and smoking furiously, while I obtained the key to the boat-house from the astonished clerk, who muttered as I stroled out:

"Charley Stevens? James Carew? The boss's niece is meowing on the wrong doorstep. That's the answer. He's just James Jeffrey, that's who he is, or I'm not Robert Timms!"

The moonlight flooded the boat-house when I opened wide the padlocked doors, but I turned the light of my lantern upon the interior of my canoe. Then I made a discovery that sent me back hot-foot and mad besides to the hotel.

(To be continued.)

Chinese Justice.

"THE talk about the so-called yellow peril in the far East," said Major L. Seaman, a former surgeon of United States volunteer engineers, "reminds me of an incident of Chinese justice which I witnessed in Peking at the time of the Boxer uprising. A Chinaman was arrested for the alleged theft of a small piece of silk. He was taken before a mandarin. When questioned by the official the prisoner denied his guilt. It must be understood that a prisoner cannot be executed in China unless he pleads guilty to the crime charged against him. The prisoner was thrown face downward upon the stone flooring of the court, and a hundred blows were laid upon his back, from the base of the spine to the shoulders, diagonally across the muscles."

"The punishment was inflicted with a small, supple piece of bamboo, thicker than a lead pencil. So lightly were the blows laid on that the victim seemed to feel no pain. After he had received the hundred blows he was brought before the mandarin again, and once more he denied his guilt. He was thrown upon the floor the second time, and when another hundred blows had been administered his back was macerated to a pulp without breaking the skin. But the covering of the muscles had been ruptured and the muscles themselves were literally beaten to a jelly."

"The Chinaman was carried before the mandarin again, for he could not stand. His agony was so great that when the fateful question was put to him again he pleaded guilty and was promptly executed. He would have died under the strokes of the bamboo the third time, and with the resignation of the Oriental he chose the merciful knife in preference to the merciless bamboo."

As Easy.

Needs Only a Little Thinking.

The food of childhood often decides whether one is to grow up well nourished and healthy or weak and sickly from improper food.

It's just as easy to be one as the other, provided one gets a proper share of the stomach, liver and kidneys, and a doctor who knew about food, can accomplish wonders, provided the patient is willing to help and will eat only proper food.

Speaking of this case, the mother said her little four-year-old boy was suffering from a peculiar derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys, and his feet became so swollen he couldn't take a step. "We called a doctor, who said at once we must be very careful as to his diet, as it was the only cause of his sickness. Sugar especially he forbade."

"So the doctor made up a diet, and the principal of it he prescribed was Grape-Nuts, and the boy who was very fond of sweet things, took the Grape-Nuts readily without adding any sugar. (Doctor explained that the sweet in Grape-Nuts is not at all like cane or beet sugar, but is the natural sweet of the grains.)"

"We saw big improvement inside a few days, and now Grape-Nuts are almost his only food, and he is once more a healthy, happy, rosy-cheeked youngster, with every prospect to grow up into a strong healthy man." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The sweet in Grape-Nuts is the nature-sweet known as Postum Sugar, and is digested in the liver like ordinary sugar, but pre-digested. Feed the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when nature demands a little sweet and promptly be called for sugar.

There's a reason. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

Concerning the Servant-Girl.

UNDER a strong sense of duty I take my pen in hand to write these few lines in defence of that unhappy victim of tyranny and oppression—the servant-girl. There never was anybody more hardy done by in the world. People are so ignorant and wicked nowadays that they don't seem to appreciate the honor that is done them when a servant-girl consents to come and live with them, and grace their humble home with her illustrious presence. They are actually so unreasonable as to expect her to help in the housework, just because they happen to keep her in very ordinary board and lodging and give her a few paltry shillings a month. And when her day's business is over she is never asked to come upstairs and sit around the fire with the master and missis, or take a hand at whist with the family; and if there's a dinner-party in the house it's ten chances to one if she is taken into the drawing-room and introduced to anybody. Oh, it's shameful, that's what it is!

Because they happen to want breakfast about eight o'clock, in the morning they must start a bell ringing right over the girl's head, just as she has got into the middle of a lovely dream where she is the Princess of Wales and is going to marry the new politician at the corner as soon as he can get trusted somewhere for

the furniture. Of course she doesn't move the first time the bell rings. No self-respecting girl would do that; and, besides, it's contrary to the etiquette of the profession. The thing is to wait until the maids are tired of ringing, and then to go to sleep again, just to preserve one's independence. Even then, however, a poor girl will often be obliged, just for the sake of peace, to come downstairs at the unearthly hour of seven in the morning. Isn't it monstrous? Can you imagine anybody calling himself a man being mean enough to expect a girl to get up at that hour and prepare his breakfast, just because he happens to pay her for doing it? I wonder it's allowed—I do, really.

Common fairness in the treatment of the servant-girl is, of course, not to be expected. Oh dear, no! The missis can come to breakfast in her dressing-gown right enough; but if the poor servant-girl should happen to wait at table in her old flannel petticoat, the fuss they make about it is positively awful. And if she should keep the new bread for the kitchen, and serve up a day-before-yesterday's loaf in the breakfast-room, they don't give her any credit for her thoughtfulness, but begin to speechify about it in a manner that is completely subversive of the traditional decencies of debate. And the little things they find fault with—it's something dreadful! Some people will even object if they find a dirty thumb-mark on the bread-and-butter—as if a girl could clean the stove and get breakfast at the same time without a trifling slip now and then. Why, I have known people to get quite uppish just because they happened to find a hairpin in the teapot. Isn't it fearful?

Everybody knows what an appalling amount of suffering is inflicted on the poor servant-girl by the cat. I don't mean the cat-o-nine-tails, but the cat-o-nine-lives, that no family should be without. If that misguided brute should happen to make a little too free with the biscuits and the sherry, the servant-girl gets the blame of it. It is quite a common thing for a cat to take the kitchen coal-scuttle round to the pawnbroker's till the end of the

That Unhappy Victim of Tyranny and Oppression.

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Put up in patent holders, which prevent the skirt from soiling, and which are the only proper way to put up silk and flannel. The colors are fast—the silk THE BEST.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 27, 1904. No. 42



The opening performance of the season at Shea's drew a big crowd on Monday afternoon, the chief attraction being Miss Jessie Millward, who, with Mr. Boyd Putman, presented a dramatic sketch entitled "The Queen's Messenger." This charming and exceptionally clever actress needs no introduction to Toronto audiences, to whom she is well known. Beauty of form and feature with much personal magnetism and unquestionable genius combine to make Miss Millward's name a powerful drawing card. Her work in "The Queen's Messenger" is chiefly remarkable for its delightful spontaneity and entire absence of anything approaching staginess. She is convincingly sincere, and this, with her prettily modulated voice and the carefully studied foreign accent, makes "The Queen's Messenger" a very attractive performance. Mr. Boyd Putman's portrayal of the young English diplomat is a clever and thorough piece of work, well sustained throughout. Herbert Brooks does some astonishing card tricks, but his "trunk mystery" is hardly convincing. Lew Williams gives a good song, and a very funny discourse on love and marriage which was particularly well received. Deltorelli and Glissando's "musical grotesque" is original and made quite a hit, though it is more, much more, "grotesque" than "musical." Johnson and Wells do some clever step-dancing, and Searl and Violet Allen in "The Sign Painter" kept the big audience smiling. There is a good comic hypnotic act, and Zeno, Carl and Zeno, old-time acrobat favorites, conclude an excellent bill.

The opening of the theatrical season at the Princess will take place on Monday night. Following his policy of last year Manager Sheppard is beginning with minstrels, and will present the only company playing high-class theaters—Lew Dockstader's combination. Since the death of J. H. Haverley and the other famous minstrels of other days Mr. Dockstader has had the field practically to himself, and the entertainment which he gave at the Princess a year ago showed that demand for this class of performance at least is certainly not on the wane. This year a greater amount of attention has been paid to the musical settings, and the solos and choruses are said to be unusually attractive. In his company Mr. Dockstader has two comedians especially popular with Torontonians, Carroll Johnston and Neil O'Brien. The company numbers sixty people and will undoubtedly be a welcome attraction during Fair week.

Claude Gillingwater & Co., who will be featured at Shea's Theater next week, are said to have one of the most laughable sketches the vaudeville stage has recently produced. Mr. Gillingwater has been the leading man with Mrs. Leslie Carter for several seasons, playing the most important male role in Du Barry. He is assisted by a company of five people, including Miss Nina Lyn. Miss Truly Shattuck, clothed in gowns which will be the envy of every woman who sees her, will be a second feature on this bill. Miss Shattuck has signed to star in a production for the season and is only playing three weeks in vaudeville prior to this engagement, one in Buffalo, one in Toronto, and one at Mr. Shea's new theater in Cleveland. Raymond & Caverly, German comedians, have a number of jokes which they will unbutton here for the first time, and some parodies that should make people laugh. Stanley & Brockman will add their share to the humor of the bill. Montgomery & Pearl, in a comedy musical act, will furnish considerable amusement and some artistic musical numbers. The Faust Trio, who present an acrobatic comedy act entitled "The Haunted Castle," have something out of the ordinary. The Jack Theo Trio, novelty equilibrist, and the Kinetograph, showing a journey through Italy, together with two or three other acts, complete the bill.

A Mint Julep.

Little drops of whiskey,
Little sprigs of mint,
And of sparkling eau-de-vie
Just the merest hint—

Little grains of sugar,
Little lumps of ice,
And you have a "Dixie" drink.
"My! but ain't it nice?"

J. G.

Sporting Comment.

THE gentry who represent the Canadian Associated Press in England have thought it worth while to cable to Canada half a column of some Englishman's protest against our blooming colonial habit of "making national heroes of boat-rovers." The Englishman is in a furious state of mind over the Scholes reception, and points the moral that we are much behind the folk of the Old Land in "the matter of social amenities." It must be remembered that the letter-writer is only one man, and, at that, a man who knows mighty little about social amenities. He is indignant for that we gave Scholes the glad hand; indignant because our habits are not as his. But there is some "receiving" done in his own country. Let him go to the North Country, and he will find whole communities turning out with brass bands and jags to welcome



The Ottawa and All-Toronto Cricket Teams, which met on Varsity lawn, Friday, Aug. 19.

a dozen professional Association football players. If there is a region on earth where the people go crazy over sport, and professional sport at that, it is the north of England. And of all professional athletes the professional football player is about the toughest. His following is as tough as he is. Bribery, hounding, drink, and other means of putting the players of opposing teams out of business are common. The game is a betting proposition, and the followers of the game will do anything to win their wagers. Scholes was welcomed perhaps too flamboyantly, but this town did honor to amateurism and not to none too straight professionalism.

But we Canadians cannot throw many bouquets at ourselves. Witness the order that has been sent out by the Provincial Secretary's Department to the managers of all the fall fairs in Ontario. These gentlemen are bidden take notice that horse-racing at the fairs is contrary to law, and that any infringement will be followed by a thumping big fine. The citizen who has seen many a trotting and running race at these exhibitions, from our own big Fair to the one-day event at Johnson's Corners, will wonder how it was that there was no trouble in the past. Let him be comforted. Although he may have thought he was looking at a horse-race, his eyes deceived him. He was gazing at "speeding in the ring." Undoubtedly there were prizes and money prizes at that, for the successful owners. The contests looked like races; they were races, but the unco' guid must be considered, so speeding in the ring took the place of the soul-deceiving horse-racing! That kind of miserable hypocrisy seems to suit our folk. When the reverend and ingenious gentleman who is now editor of the "Globe" entered the path of secular journalism it is said he ordered that reports of prize fights must not be printed in the pious organ. But there are some good Grit sports, and when there was no account of the contest in which Mr. Jeffries punched the stuffing out of Mr. Corbett, the unregenerate minority of "Globe" readers registered a mighty kick. Since then, every fight has been fully reported, but the righteous are squared by the simple placing of the reports under the head of "Boxing." Of course they are straight, bloody slugging matches. But, being labelled "Boxing," the eternal soul of no good "Globe" reader is jeopardized, and the conscience of the estimable editor is squared. How sweet and pleasant it is to have consistency!

If ever a lacrosse team deserved praise, the Chips are the people. They have come within touching distance of the championship, after trials and troubles that would have daunted any but the gamest. The management has had to go down into its pocket for many a dollar, but President Haffey and his colleagues have stuck to their guns like Trojans. The crowd that saw the Chips defeat St. Kitts on Saturday last went home delighted. The team is now in great condition. The men work splendidly together, and the new recruits are sources of strength. The success of the Chips is all the more notable when it is remembered that the skating rink in which they practice is about as well fitted for lacrosse as the average brickyard would be. Moreover, the club is in its first year. All things considered, its success has been phenomenal.

Ned Hanlan has a project on foot that possesses originality. "The World's Famous" intends to organize a school of rowing. His academy will be built on two ninety-foot scows, moored on the waterfront, and the students will be under the personal supervision of the former champion. He hopes to interest the authorities of the University and Upper Canada and St. Andrew's Colleges. Some years ago an attempt was made to bring the Varsity students into the rowing field, but the effort did not meet with much success. For one thing, the examinations are all too near for the men to go in for boating, and by the middle of June the students are back at home. Nevertheless, it should be possible for the University of Toronto, with nearly fourteen hundred students in all its faculties, to turn out a couple

of score of oarsmen, who might meet McGill in annual contests. There never has been, so far as I know, any rowing at the big Eastern institution of learning, but that is no reason why a move should not be made now. As to the secondary schools, the work would be easier if Mr. Auden and Mr. Macdonald endorse the scheme. Upper Canada and St. Andrew's boys could have two months of rowing, and a race between them would be quite as interesting as are the annual contests in cricket, football and hockey. All of his friends will wish Ned Hanlan success in his undertaking.

The lacrosse mix-up has been instrumental in making the Ottawa sporting editors see the error of their ways. For many years past, when these estimable gentlemen were shy of topics, they turned to and hammered this unfortunate burg. Since the Capitals were thrown down by the National Lacrosse Association the Ottawa scribes have turned their eyes westward and have found that Toronto is a pretty decent sort of town after all. The glad hand has been extended, and to-day, if all goes well, a C.L.A. twelve will make its first appearance in the Capital. The St. Kitts team has been invited to go down east, and the Ottawa folk will turn out in thousands to welcome them, primarily to see a game of lacrosse, and secondarily to "rub it in" to the other clubs in the "big" league. The virtual expulsion of the Capitals seems to have proved a boomerang for the National Lacrosse Association. An Eastern correspondent writes me that the crowds at the matches are insignificant. The Nationals, he assures me, are in a serious financial hole, and Cornwall is finding it hard sledding. The Capitals could always draw big gates in Montreal, whereas now the Shamrocks have no opponents who can give them a decent match. If indications count for anything, the Irishmen will soon get tired of carrying three second-class clubs. The followers of the green shirts want to see good lacrosse, and that article is not to be had in the Eastern league. The campaign for honest professionalism as against spurious amateurism has only begun, but the Shamrocks will be compelled to take part in it sooner or later, and even at this juncture it is pretty certain what their attitude will be.

Only a few weeks ago I noted in this column the fact that it is impossible for any would-be golfer to enter any of the city's five clubs. The membership roll of every one of them is full, and all have extended waiting lists. The stock of the Lumbton club, which has a par value of a hundred dollars a share, commands double that figure. Having these circumstances in mind, several local enthusiasts have set on foot the organization of a new club. Negotiations are now in progress for the purchase or lease of the Denison farm on the Weston road. The property is a hundred and twelve acres in extent, and will make admirable links. The application forms for members will be ready in a short time, and the indications are that there will be a regular rush on the part of those who want to follow the gutta percha. While golf flourishes the other sports must suffer. Cricket has lost many a player, and the tennis courts are beset of the presence of many a man who used to smite the flannel-covered ball. You will be assured by some that golf is a fad. I do not believe it. On the contrary, I am quite certain that it has come to stay. As a sport it is sui generis, and it will always have over the other sports the advantage of making recruits of any age between ten and sixty.

The time was when the amateur cricketers of England were much superior to the professionals when batting was considered. The latest mails bring figures which go to show that the professionals have forged past the gentlemen. Of the eight leaders in the averages up to the first week of this month, six are players. Tyldesley, a professional, has the amazing average of eighty runs an innings. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that, with the exception of voyages to and from Australia, Tyldesley has

been playing continuously since May of last year. The average player would have gone stale by this time. Not so Tyldesley. Fry and "Ranji" are well up in the list. The Indian Prince seems to be playing in his form of three years ago. By the way, Beddow, who was for two years professional at St. Andrew's College, is now one of the salaried staff at Lord's. Beddow learned the game in Australia—he is a Cornstalk by birth—and is a good bowler and an effective bat. So far he has not done much in England. In a letter to a friend he says that he has not yet become acclimated, but hopes to give the Britishers a taste of his quality before the season is over. Lord Hawke, Beddow says, is thinking of bringing another team to America next year. If he does, it is to be hoped that the visit will be made in August. English teams usually strike Canada in early October, when our men are out of practice, the weather uncertain, and the crowds poor. The reason for these late visits is, of course, the difficulty of inducing English county players to leave home while the season is on. Perhaps we could do with a second-class team if it came over in cricket, and not in football, weather.

The football season this year may easily be better than that of last autumn. Personally, I have no use for the Burnside rules. The game is devoid of incident and the old-time combination work among the forwards is not seen. Last year the spectators seemed to prefer the old rules, but the O.R.F.U. is seemingly determined to stick to the new code. The college game is immeasurably superior to that followed by the Ontario Union.

OLYMPIAN.

Lawn Bowling.

THE Dominion Bowling Association's tournament was finished up on Saturday last and can easily be styled the finest tournament ever held in Canada. In numbers there were more entries than ever before, in the quality of the play no more expert exposition of the game has ever been given in Canada, and the prizes were the handsomest and most appropriate that could be purchased. The whole week's play passed off without a hitch.

To the Canada Club, through the able leadership of Dr. Moore, the Trophy has for the second time been handed over. Dr. Moore's rink deserved it by their steady, consistent play. On Thursday, out of the 75 rinks entered, 8 were left in, comprising Dr. Moore and Sydney Jones of the Canada's, Dr. Hawke of the Granites, R. Moon of Kew Beach, J. Brown of Montreal, W. Finlay of St. Catharines, R. B. Rice and W. R. Hill of Queen City, and the semi-finals was reduced to Moore, Finlay, Brown and Jones, and the finals to Moore and Brown, of which the following was the score:

Canada.	Trophy Final.	Westmount.
E. L. Morrow,	J. Wilson,	
R. F. Argles,	W. Brown,	
F. Pole,	D. Williamson,	
Dr. Moore, sk. 20	J. Brown, sk. 17	

By ends: Moore 0 3 2 1 2 0 0 3 1 0 2 0 2 0 2—20
Brown 3 0 0 0 1 3 0 2 3 0 0 1 0 1 0 3—17

Dr. Moore had one or two lucky ends and gained the victory over the steady play of the veteran, J. Brown, of the Westmount Club of Montreal.

The Association prizes went to W. Finlay of St. Kitts by the following score. He put it all over Rice of Queen City:

St. Catharines.	Queen City.
H. W. Calkins,	J. Nicholson,
S. Inkster,	A. T. Reid,
H. M. Rogers,	H. A. Haisley,
W. G. Finlay, sk. 23	R. B. Rice, sk. 6

Score by ends: Finlay 2 3 4 3 1 0 3 1 2 0 0 1 2—23
Rice 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 3 1 0 0 0—6

The Consolation went to Hargraff of the Granites.

Granite.	Peterboro.
W. A. Carnahan,	C. J. Seymour,
E. G. C. Sinclair,	E. W. Cox,
J. P. Moran,	R. C. Sturgeon,
G. R. Hargraff, sk. 13	R. H. Kerr, sk. 10

Score by ends: Hargraff 3 2 1 0 2 2 1 0 0 0—13
Kerr 0 0 0 2 0 2 0 0 3 1 2—10

The Doubles were won by the Westmount Club of Montreal, who also won the first prize in singles, and second in points.

Westmount.	Singles (Finals):	Victoria.
D. Williamson, 15	J. Bain (absent)	0

Points: L. Morrow (Canada) 34
D. Williamson (Westmount) 33
E. G. C. Sinclair (Granite) 31
G. A. Brown (Canada) 31

The tie was played off and G. A. Brown won. Score, 6 to 2.

Much sympathy is felt for the Queen City Club in their loss from the fire on Sunday evening last, but I am assured it will be only a short time before the club will be located in even handsomer quarters than those occupied in the past.

Canadian bowlers will, without doubt, be pleased to read the following, which I received through the "Daily Telegraph" of Belfast. It is a very fitting ending to a very happy tour: "In bowling circles the most pleasing recollections of the visit of the Canadian Bowling team to 'the black north' are entertained. At a meeting of the directors of the Belfast Bowling Club on the 4th inst., the name of Mr. George J. Bennett of Toronto was submitted for honorary membership and the unanimity with which the proposition was received spoke volumes for that gentleman's popularity among the bowling fraternity of this city. Mr. Bennett, who hails from the Caer-Howell Bowling Club, the oldest in Canada, was the only native-born Irishman on the Canadian team, and his witty and eloquent speeches at post-prandial functions in connection with the visit will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of hearing him. To Mr. J. Hunter, president of the club, who is also president of the Irish Bowling Association, was entrusted the pleasing duty of conveying to Mr. Bennett, who is at present in Dublin, the tidings of the rare distinction conferred upon him, together with the good wishes of the Belfast club's membership."

LUNA.

A Matter of Protest.

At North Perth in the winter so drear,
An election Reform hearts did cheer.
They did it up Brown,
But the Tories now frown,
And declare that the voting was queer.

In Muskoka, where rocks do abound,
The Grits have assuredly found
The "Purity" dimes
Gave many good times
To the voters who chanced to look 'round.

J. G.

Civic Questions.

If the active life of an historical novel is one year, how many more generations of these stirring tales will have fallen on civil times before Toronto's Carnegie library finds a suitable site?

What would be the average yearly saving to the country if the railway companies stood as little chance of getting Government aid as the average citizen does of meeting his friends when they come in at the Union Station?

When two Public school inspectors find that they must introduce a little friction to keep in condition, which would be more exhilarating, Toronto with a perpetual street car strike or Toronto with three Public school inspectors?

The City Engineer considering it policy to spend \$220 a week for the chance of getting \$100 a day from the Street Railway Company, how long would the city treasury last if used for dealing in stocks on margin?

W. A. C.

Jaggles—H is trying to drown his sorrows.
Waggles—Is that why he's always grasping at a straw?



The Archbishop is to have a clerical bodyguard while in the city.

A Boy or a Girl?

THE Czar has been receiving congratulations from all over the world during the last ten days, because his luck has undergone a change and a boy has come "to bless his home." Of course the youngster will refrain from doing much blessing for a while yet, but sooner or later he is pretty sure to break out and bless the old man with the true festive manner of an only son. But that is merely by the way. It is the idea of congratulating Nicholas that appeals to me. It shows a good spirit on the part of the whole civilized world.

The Czar has been playing in hard luck ever since he was called to the throne. Think of it—four daughters hand running! It's enough to melt the heart of a pick-axe. And the price of bread in Russia! No wonder the autocrat insisted on a fight with Japan—the provocation was enough to make him assault his crippled old grandmother. The press comments that I have so far read seem to suggest that the cause for rejoicing is to be found in the fact that previously to the birth of his son the Czar had no heir to whom the crown could descend in the event of His Majesty's sudden taking—say, a la Plevhe. Such an idea is sheer nonsense. The Czar has uncles, brothers, cousins and nephews who could fill the position just as well as the kid could, and without changing the name of the firm. The only cause for gladness was the sudden break in the alarming chain of girls that were so rapidly winding themselves around the ruler's neck.

Girls have ever been looked on with regret when they make their appearance in a household. Boys are an asset; girls a liability. I am speaking now, of course, of the prevailing opinion of girls in countries in which the European, or erroneous, idea of civilization controls society—that is to say, where the female sex has been exalted almost to the level of the male. In Oriental countries, where women are not yet artificially honored—and consequently where they have not become a handicap on their parents in the race for success—the birth of a son is not looked forward to with the joyous expectation that prevails among us. In Turkey or Persia, for instance, it is the daughter who receives the royal welcome. But in those countries the value of the female has not been absurdly removed by social whims and silly statutes. In the East a girl baby is worth almost her weight in gold. To be sure, she must be properly brought up—the cost of raising must be considered—but the net profit always promises to be sufficiently handsome to warrant no inconsiderable expense and pains in raising her to a marketable age. She can readily be sold—providing she possesses reasonable good looks—for a sum sufficient to gladden the hearts of the parents and to encourage the welcome and careful attention of the younger and newly-arriving sisters.

With us, on the other hand, it is only from the boy that we may hope—and then we are taking tremendously long chances—for an adequate monetary return for the expense, anxiety and toil of his upbringing. He is at least fifteen—an age at which, in Persia, a girl can easily be disposed of—before we can expect him to earn his own living; and he is usually twenty or thereabouts before he can contribute any substantial sum to the support of his parents and the other members of the family. In most cases he doesn't turn out to be of much account. He either hangs on to the old man and bleeds him as long as that patient sufferer will stand it, or—as soon as he can provide for himself—he leaves home and starts up business on his own account. In such cases he is a mistake, a blunder, a thoroughly bad investment. Not over three per cent. of the boys born each year can be regarded as paying ventures. And yet we all look forward to their arrival with hopeful expectation. What a condemnation of the worthlessness of the girl! We are actually gratified if we have a son—when only three per cent. of the sons born ever bring in returns sufficient to justify their birth! From this it can readily be seen that girls are not wanted at all. And this is only the natural result of the artificial exaltation of women to a social status approaching that naturally held by men! In trying to honor them we have made them the victims of a social condition where their birth is regarded as a misfortune, where they are compelled to go out into the world and work for their livings and, by reducing the value of labor, make their existence even more regretted and the lives of their fathers and brothers even more unhappy. Probably the greatest mistake of Western civilization was the attempt to lift woman from her natural level, exalt her and give her a place on the dizzy heights beside her brother. What false kindness! What prodigious, blind and stupid generosity on the part of our ancestors! How happy our women might have been to-day, how luxurious their lives, how prosperous the home, had the good old Oriental status of women been retained in the civilization of the West! No wonder the Czar hoped for a son. No wonder the world poured forth its felicitations when that son arrived. If we must raise families, the least we can ask to be excused for expecting is a protection against daughters.

I have had the substance of this article in mind for a good while, but it is only after I had been assured of the hearty sympathy of many lady friends that I finally consented to do what little I could, to check the regrettable decline in female baby stock.

J. A. J. J.

The Summer Hotel Piazza.

"ISN'T it warm?"
"Dreadfully so!"
"Seems as if I should melt!"
"How dreadful it must be in the city if we feel the heat so here!"
"Dreadful! Isn't that sofa-pillow cover the same one you were working on last summer?"
"My dear! I have been working on this sofa-pillow cover four blessed summers, and I don't expect to get it done in four more. It's just sort of pick-up work I have expressly for the hotel piazza. It looks so idle to sit all afternoon and do nothing!"
"I know. Do you notice how Miss Giddybelle is always crocheting pink-and-white shawls? It's my opinion that she does it to show off her pretty hands and call attention to her engagement ring."
"Well, if I hadn't made any more of a catch than she has made I wouldn't be so fierce to proclaim my engagement from the houseposts. I'll warrant you she is a good five years older than he, and—say, do you suppose she really took advantage of leap-year and—"
"You horrid thing! But it wouldn't surprise me one bit. I know that she—"

"Did you ever in all the days of your life see anything quite so brazen as the flirtation that young widow from Chicago is carrying on with half the men here?"
"I never did! It's simply disgraceful! There's no other word for it!"
"And I have it from good authority that her husband hasn't been dead a year. I call it indecent!"
"If I was in her place I'd either take off my crape, or I'd live up to it. Isn't it perfectly absurd to flirt and be as giddy as she is with a crape veil dangling to her heels? So utterly inconsistent!"
"Isn't it? Do you know what I have heard?"
"No! What?"
"I have heard from the most reliable source that she was suing him for divorce when he died!"
"My soul! But I can believe it. And here she is swathed in crape for him! Of all things! She knows just how becoming black is to her. There she goes now, with half the men here at her heels. I call it scandalous!"
"It's worse than that; for—"

"Of course I shouldn't want it told as coming from me; but I have it very direct that the Van Slams are leaving so hastily to get their pretty daughter away from that young Noodles."
"I shouldn't wonder."
"Can you blame them?"
"I'd do the same if she was my daughter."
"Oh, but these daughters are a trial! I'm often thankful that I have only Maxy. Dear little fellow! My maid has him out for an ailing frow. I only hope she won't let him get his feet wet on the sand. He got them wet one day last week, and he wheezed dreadfully all night. I was up most of the night with him. Does your dog have those wheezing spells?"
"No; but he suffers dreadfully when I am so unwise as to



"THE DEATH OF WOLFE"—By BENJAMIN WEST.

Reproduced from the famous picture loaned by His Majesty the King to the Canadian National Exhibition.

overfed him. You know he can't touch chicken pie without having indigestion."

"I don't think Maxy could eat it safely. I have to be ever so careful as to what he eats. You know I have the dearest little automobile cap and a pair of glasses for him to wear when we are out in our automobile! Canning? I should say so!"

"Wasn't the water dreadfully cold?"
"Why, no, not very, at least not after the first plunge. The way to do, you know, is to plunge right in. I think it's just lovely!"

"I like it best when there is quite a good deal of surf to roll all over you, and—did you see that woman in the blue-and-red bathing-suit this morning?"
"Didn't I?"

"Wasn't she a sight for gods and men?"
"Horror!"

"Why will women of her figure bathe in public places?"
"I wonder if she hasn't any friend on earth or in the heavenly places to let her know that she is the last woman in the world who should put on a bathing-suit? Did you see her when she came out of the water?"

"Tehee-hee! Hee-hee-hee!"
"Aren't we horrid?"
"I don't care! She'd no business to make such a spectacle of herself!"

"Why, Lattie! Is it really you?"
"It isn't my ghost."
"Why, when did you come?"
"On this morning's boat."

"You did? How perfectly lovely! Why didn't you let me know you were coming? and I'd have been at the landing to meet you."

"I came two days earlier than I planned. Who's here, anyhow?"
"Oh, about the same old gang. But we're having an awful good time! So glad you've come! I was thinking about you this very day."

"How funny! I was thinking about you."
"Really?"

"Honest, I was!"
"I must rush off and dress for dinner."
"So must I."

"I suppose you've loads of gowns."
"Gowns? I'm disreputably shabby!"
"You shabby! I'll warrant that you'll look like Solomon and the Queen of Sheba and glory and the lilies of the field all in one at the hop to-night. By-by until after dinner. So glad you've come!"

"So sweet of you to say so! By-by."—Morris Wade.

Wanted.

A street car conductor that will not jerk the bell-rope away and ring just as we think we have it in our grasp.

A street car operator that sandwiches in a tune of moderate time between "Hiawatha" and "The Lost Chord."

A bridge over Yonge street.

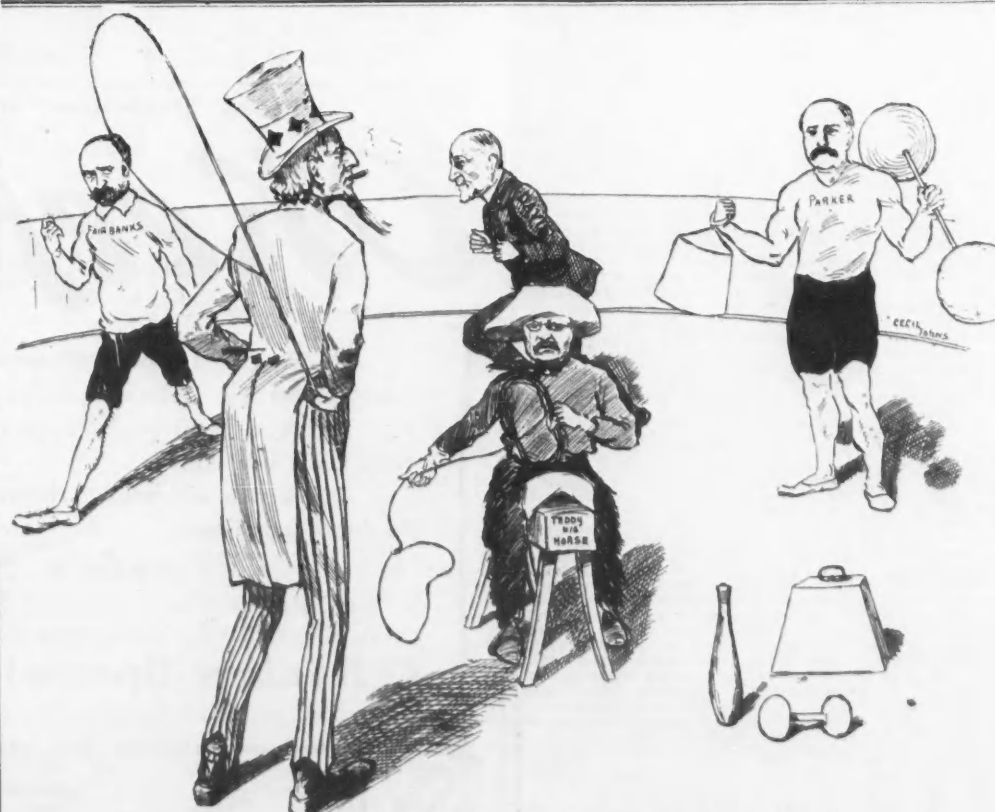
A person able to tell the time from the face of St. James Cathedral clock at a distance of two blocks, without using a field-glass.

A restaurant sugar-bowl that is provided with a spoon for more than five minutes each day.

An opportunity to get a postage stamp on Sunday without imperilling a friend's freedom by borrowing one from him.

W. A. C.

The pauper's problem to be solved to-day, Now that it still continues to be hot, Consists in puzzling whether he should pay For one more new straw hat, or should he not.



Through strenuousness, not intellectuality, does the Yankee candidate make his appeal.

The Intermezzo.

"YOU are a most unreasonable woman, Evelyn," said Mrs. John Grant, as she looked disapprovingly at her husband's niece; "remember that you are twenty-seven years old and most girls would jump at the chance."

"I wish he would give them the opportunity to jump, then," said Miss Grant, gloomily. "I suppose there is nothing else to be done, Aunt Margaret."

"Really Evelyn, you make me lose patience with you. You don't seem to have grasped the fact that Henry Morton is a very rich man, with no bad habits to speak of. He's a widower, and forty-five years old, but a young man is not likely to make nearly so good a husband as a man who has a secure position and has outlived all nonsense."

"I wonder," said Evelyn, with a giggle that could not be suppressed, "if he's wearing that purple tie as half-mourning?"

"You ought to take the matter more seriously," said Mrs. John Grant, with a flush on her prominent cheekbones. "This is probably your last chance. You have utterly failed in earning your own living, and both your uncle and I think you will be guilty of criminal folly if you throw away the honest love of a good man."

"To say nothing of the good man's large income," replied the younger woman, with a bitter laugh. "Don't worry, Aunt Margaret, I'm going to be sensible and all the rest of it, and accept Henry Morton with his heart, and all his other worldly goods. But don't expect me to be particularly grateful over it, for I make a poor hypocrite."

"You're the most exasperating—" began Mrs. Grant. But she was talking to the closing door, for Evelyn knew the signs of a domestic storm, and was making good her escape from a recital of the virtues of Mr. Henry Morton. Under an old oak tree on the banks of the lake there was a hope of an uninterrupted ten minutes when she might fairly face the future she had decided to spend.

The lake was so untroubled that hardly a ripple crept along the sand, while the broad stretch of the river reflected in a streak of gold the gleam from the lighthouse. Along the opposite shore, the bulky white outline of the fort, the occasional gleam of a cottage among the trees, and the swiftly-moving lights of the car, seemed only to emphasize the silence of the summer night. Evelyn threw her arms out with a gesture of impatience as if she were freeing herself from some grievous burden, and looked half resentfully at the extremely placid lake.

"There's no use in putting it off any longer," she murmured confidentially to the spangles on her fan. "I haven't enough education of any sort to be a profitable governess and I made an awful failure of nursing. I just hate carbolic acid and formaldehyde and operations. Henry is the only thing left and I suppose I should consider myself a lucky girl. If it hadn't been for—" Here the confidences ceased and the slender sticks of the fan almost snapped as Miss Evelyn Grant's fingers closed firmly upon them.

"I thought it was you I saw down here," said a cheerful confident voice, and a large figure settled itself in a big red chair and Mr. Henry Morton's broad countenance turned towards her.

"A pretty nice night, ain't it?" he said, with a sigh of comfort. Mr. Morton was a man who would have patted Mont Blanc on the head and would have patronized the rings of Saturn, while the yellow primrose was a matter entirely beneath his notice. Mountains and catarrhs were poor things except as they supplied gold and water power. So he continued to make cheerful observations. "Going to be warm to-morrow, I guess." His companion did not venture an opinion on the probabilities and he went on, with a speculative glance at the silent girl, "I suppose you're like all other women—fond of moonlight and flowers and poetry. I never could see any sense in stuff about nature, but it seems to please some folks. I've noticed you like to come down here in the evenings instead of playing bridge."

"Bridge is a bore," said Evelyn, crossly.
"It's a good deal worse than that sometimes," said Mr. Morton, laughing hoarsely. "but I wouldn't mind my wife losing a pile occasionally. I—suppose you've considered what I said last week?"

"Yes," came the mechanical answer.
"Well, you've had time enough to think it all over. I'm not the sort of man to say much about it, but you won't regret trusting Henry Morton. You'll have just as good a time as any woman need want, and I'm hardly ever out of temper. This is the second time of asking and I always said that I'd not give any woman the chance of saying 'no' for the second time. But you're different some way, and I think you've had time enough to change your mind, and decide that we'll make a real happy couple. What do you say about it?" Mr. Morton leaned towards the fortunate lady of his choice with an air of pleasant expectation.

"It's very good of you," said Evelyn, nervously. "I hope that—" She broke off the sentence abruptly, and turned her head in the direction of the hotel. The orchestra had begun to play, and as she recognized the first bars she laid her hand heavily on the railing in front of her.

"Well?" questioned Mr. Morton, persistently, placing his pudgy hand on Evelyn's slender fingers.

"Oh, wait! said the girl feverishly, "only wait until this is over. They are playing the 'Intermezzo' and it—it—reminds me of things." Mr. Morton didn't know the "Intermezzo" from "Mr. Dooley," but he was willing to humor feminine caprice, and so he waited patiently with his hand resting on Evelyn's, which grew cold beneath his clasp. His first wife had been as near a nonentity as was consistent with human existence, and her demise had hardly disturbed him, although he thought "poor Jane" showed deplorable judgment in having the typhoid fever just as he was preparing to take her to Europe. Jane had possessed no foibles, no faults, none of the queer feminine "quirks" that made Evelyn Grant a vaguely attractive personality. He rather enjoyed being ordered about and treated with indifference, but he had definitely made up his mind to stand "no more shilly-shallying," and, with her keen sensitiveness, Evelyn had become fully aware of the finality of his attitude.

If only the orchestra would play anything else instead of that sweet wailing music that brought back the summer of four years ago when she and Jack Heydon had been so absurdly happy and had taken no thought for the morrow, or for anything in fact, except water-lilies and moonlight and extremely indefinite talk about money Jack was going to make! But no one had known about their youthful foolishness and their absurd plans, and Jack had died two years ago in Dawson City. The girl shivered as her eyes fell on Henry's substantial fingers and she thought of the brown boyish hands laid away beneath the Yukon snows. But the last notes of the "Intermezzo" were quivering from the violin and she rose hastily.

"Mr. Morton, I—I hope I shall make a good wife. But I'm tired and I'm going in now." The gentleman gazed blankly at the girlish figure that had already reached the verandah. But he smiled complacently as he opened his cigar-case, saying to himself, "We'll get along all right together, and I like to see a girl rather shy." CANADIANE.

Pointed Hints.

How to solve the servant problem.—Do the work yourself.

How to live to a good old age.—Don't die young or get wickered with the years.

To be healthy.—Never eat meat, vegetables and cereals, nor drink water, whiskey, tea, or coffee.

How to be wise.—Don't talk; let the other fellow do that.

To deceive your friends.—Tell them the truth.

How to be a gossip.—Talk about others as you think they talk about you.

How to get married.—Get a license and a girl.

To be a fool.—Tell everybody all you know and a little more than you know.

How to be happy though married.—Get a divorce.

How to be a man.—Ask the new woman.

How to make true friends.—This is so valuable that those who possess the knowledge will not reveal it.

How to be made beautiful.—Get your photo taken at an up-to-date photographer's.

To be a newspaper scientist.—Ransack the dictionary for long words which no one will understand, even yourself.

How to become antagonistic to trusts.—Lend a friend a tenner.

PIED PAPER.



We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

Hunyadi Janos

Nature's Laxative Water
CURES ALL THESE TROUBLES
Dose: Half a Tumbler on Rising

Anecdotal.

"In Moscow," said Nathan Haskell Doile, translator of Tolstoy, "I saw a little child crying miserably one afternoon. He walked slowly down one of the principal streets, and his howls soon brought a big crowd around him. 'What is the matter, my child?' 'What troubles you?' everyone asked. The boy paused finally. He looked at the multitude which had assembled. Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in a shrill treble: 'I am lost. Will somebody please take me home to Ivan Trubetskoy, the champion clothier of the south end, who has just got in his new stock of spring overcoats, suits, neckties, shirts, hats, and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than anyone else in the city?'"

Lord Kitchener of the British army recently made an army order placing the regimental schoolmaster at the disposal of officers that they might have an opportunity to complete their elementary education—a good instance of his grim humor. But it has often been demonstrated that the schoolmaster is needed among the British officers. Some queer, quaint efforts at composition have been made in brigade orders. A certain major ordered not long ago that: "Reveille will be at 3.30 a.m. The brigade will parade at 4 a.m. The brigade will move at 4.15 a.m. The sun will rise at 5 a.m." It was during the guerrilla war of 1901-2, after the building of the blockhouses, that it became necessary to check the habit of the men of sleeping outside the blockhouses for the sake of coolness and comfort. A certain staff officer thereupon issued the following quaint order: "No one is permitted to sleep outside the blockhouses except the sentries." Thirdly, though the intention of this order is clear, its phraseology is not: "Men on outpost duty are forbidden to strike matches on the sky-line."

Jay Hambridge, the artist, spent last summer in a sleepy New England village, where the older inhabitants are opposed to anything modern. There was a meeting of the hose company one night, and one of the younger members announced that there was a sum of money left in the treasury. He suggested that a chandelier be bought with it. But at this juncture one of the old inhabitants slowly arose and cleared his throat. "I'll vote dead again any such a fool plan to squander money," he announced, firmly. "If what's the use of buyin' one of them dern things when it's likely there isn't any one in the hull company that knows how to play it?"

The late Clement Scott was much interested in American Indians, and had a fund of stories about them. He told one of a robust Indian who asked a farmer to give him work, but was refused on the ground that the Indians were no good—that they always got tired. This particular Indian said that he didn't belong to that class, and had never been tired. So he was put to work hoeing corn. An hour afterward the farmer went around to see how he was getting on, and found him asleep under a tree. "Here, wake up here," he cried. "You told me you never got tired." "Tired?" said the other yawning. "This Indian don't. But if he not lie down often he would get tired, just the same as the rest."

In the smoking-room of the "Oceanic" a number of Americans were talking about promptitude and punctuality. Clarence Mackay said: "Punctuality is a virtue that we may insist on gracefully as a rule. In the case, though, it is ungraceful and undignified to demand punctuality with any emphasis. This odd fact was brought home to me at the London Zoo. I visited the Zoo with one of the fellows of the Zoological Society last month, and in the magnificent carnivora house we found ourselves, at the feeding hour, wedged in a corner behind an old man and a little boy. A terrific and continuous roaring reverberated through the building and I heard the old man say to his charge, 'Don't be frightened, Herbert. The lions are about to be fed. That is what makes them roar so.' 'Oh, I ain't frightened,' returned the little boy. 'Father goes on just like that when his meals ain't ready.'"

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"Of all the cases of this kind I have ever heard of," said the chairman of the Essex Sessions, "this is the worst, for it appears from the documents that while the banns were publishing for the second time you actually married Catherine Connor by license just three days before your second marriage. It is a case of complicated wickedness and vice, and is a crime against the laws, religion, decency, and morality. What effect punishment may have upon you I cannot tell, but it may have an effect as an example to others. The sentence of the court is that you be transported for seven years." "Thank you, my lord," said the prisoner. "That will suit me better."—"The 'Alfred,' June 24, 1832.

"Yesterday several gentlemen who usually contract for lotteries waited on the Minister, and made the bids for the new lottery which was taken by Messrs. Richardson, Goodluck and Co. and Swift and Co., at £17 2s. 9d. per ticket. This is the most advantageous bargain for the public ever made. The lottery will consist of 25,000 tickets only, and is to begin drawing in September. This lottery is taken on a larger sum per ticket than ever was known before. The profit to Government will be £178,433 6s. 8d. Taking three lotteries at this same rate, the annual profit will be £535,299."—"Daily Advertiser," August 10, 1855.

"One of the largest flights of butterflies ever seen in this country crossed the Channel from France to England on Sunday last. Such was the density and extent of the cloud formed by the living mass that it completely obscured the sun from the people on board our Continental steamers on their passage for many hundreds of yards, while the insects strewed the decks in all directions. The flight reached England about twelve o'clock noon, and dispersed themselves inland and along the shore, darkening the air as they went. During the sea passage of the butterflies the weather was warm and sunny, but no sooner had they reached terra firma than it came on to blow great gusts from the south-west, the direction whence the insects came."—"Canterbury Journal," August 7, 1846.

"A survey of medical officers was held the week before last on General Phillet on board the 'Fren,' prison ship, in the Medway, in consequence of his having made some imputation to the Government that he was treated with undue severity and indignified by being placed in company with the common soldiers who had the misfortune to be taken prisoners of war. He also stated that his health was in so delicate a state that the confinement to which he was subjected endangered his life. The medical gentlemen having made their survey, reported that the general was in perfect health, and, considering that he had been in his parole of honor, it is their opinion that he is placed in a much better situation than he deserves."—"Times," August 12, 1812.

"A man and his wife are now living at Huddersfield whose matrimonial history is rather peculiar. After living together for several years, and having several children, the husband decamped and married a publican's daughter. His wife married and then she married a third. Some time afterwards she ran away with another man, who died and left her all his money. Then she went in search of her first husband, and they were on the eve of exchanging vows of eternal constancy, when lo! another lady appeared with three small children, and claimed the honor of calling the fickle swain husband. She enforced her demand with such pertinacity that his adventures wife thought it advisable to relinquish her claim, and actually married a fifth husband, with whom she at present lives."—"British Evening Post," August 11, 1864.

"The following eccentric directions for his funeral are contained in the will of the late Sir Charles Hastings: 'I desire my body may be opened after my death, and buried without a coffin on the spot marked by me, wrapped up in either woolen or oilcloth, or in such perishable materials as will keep my body together until deposited in my grave by six of my most deserving poorest laborers; that several acorns may be planted over my grave, that one good tree may be chosen and preserved, so that I may have the satisfaction of knowing that some day will serve to rear a good English oak. The tree to be watched and watered by the gardener, who must every now and then be rewarded.'—"Times," August 13, 1829.

"Died at Minstead, Hants, Mr. G. Scory, aged 83. At his wedding, 52 years ago, he preserved three candles, one of which he burnt at the funeral of his wife, another at that of a relation, and he ordered that the third should be burnt when his own funeral took place; and that some mead, preserved also at the marriage feast, with all the cyder and liquors, remaining in the house, should then be drank. His funeral took place on Tuesday, when friends and relatives followed his remains to Minstead Church, witnessed the funeral rites, and heard an excellent sermon, after which they returned to his house, burnt the candle, and in religious fulfillment of his injunctions drank all the liquor."—"The 'Alfred,' July 29, 1811.

"At length we have got the true history of the Ostrowski affair, thanks to that sagacious nobleman, the Earl of Radnor. Mr. Ostrowski saw a pair of trousers lying at his tailors, and, inquiring for whom they were made, he was told they were for the Emperor of Russia. I wish they might shoot him, replied Mr. Ostrowski. Whereupon—so said Mr. Ostrowski himself, in his account of the matter—he was visited by the police, his papers seized, etc., etc. On Thursday night Lord Radnor, with the most engaging simplicity of manner, gave the following improved version of the affair:

"Another gentleman was taken up about the same time upon information that he had said he 'hoped somebody would shoot him'—meaning the Emperor—when it appeared that, being in a tailor's shop, he saw a pair of trousers under construction on a tailor's counter, and, being told they were for the Emperor, he said he 'hoped they would suit him.' On this ground it was that another foreigner had been arrested."

"In Scotland the word suit is commonly pronounced shoot; but we were not aware that Polish counts did the same till we read Lord Radnor's speech. Neither was Mr. Ostrowski, or his or theopolical mistake might have been made to 'shoot' himself instead of the Emperor."—"John Bull," July 6, 1844.

By the Way.

AUSTRALIA, as a united Commonwealth, is yet regarded as a young and somewhat irresponsible community. Certainly the ups and downs of her political parties would indicate no pronounced national leanings. A legal authority in the United States said two years ago that the new Constitution of Australia made the Thomas Jefferson Declaration look ancient and ultra-conservative. Certainly so far as it concerns itself with political power granted to women Australia is far in advance of the nation that prides itself on the advantages afforded its women. It has generally been supposed that women are conservative by nature and turn to the picturesque rather than the progressive. But the ladies of the antipodes seem to have joined hands with the extremely democratic leaders of the country, and have leaned to the side of socialism. Whether a woman really enjoys voting, except for the joy of doing something "new," may readily be doubted. The effect of exercising this hitherto masculine right will be watched with curiosity both by those who believe that woman's sphere is chiefly social and domestic, and by those who believe that woman's sphere may become without impropriety a political animal.

Among the many tiresome things written down in Russia, there are a few books on Eastern affairs which emerge from the Sahara of journalism. Such a book is Meredith Townsend's "Asia and Europe," which tries to give the reader a general idea of Asia, a utterly removed from Europe and "never the twain shall meet." Among other interesting things he says: "This struggle between Europe and Asia is the binding thread of history; the trade between Europe and Asia is the foundation of commerce; the thought of Asia is the basis of all European religions; but the fusion of the continents has never occurred, and, in the author's best judgment, never will occur." I suppose the British have some right to be marching through Tibet and entering Lhasa, the "forbidden city," although even the London "Times" is somewhat hazy as to why Tommy Atkins is taking a constitutional through Tibet. It is curious that more sensation has not been created by the entrance of British soldiers into a city held sacred so long by the tourist and the "Tommy." A wonderful palace, belonging to the Dalai Lama and called "Potala," with its golden domes "like tongues of fire," is the most striking feature of Lhasa, which the streets are extremely dirty, that holy community not being so fortunate as to possess a city council or a health commissioner. Whatever the religions of Asia may be, the way of cleansing the hands and washing the head, they seem to have no regard for the common highways. The more sacred the city, the more filthy the streets. "What is the question asked by several interested journals, and John Bull smiles pleasantly, looks over the stock of goods in his warehouse, and says it is a question of cleanliness." Those who have thought that John Bull desired to carry the Land of the Lamas as a charm on his watch-chain, because of Russia's possibly finding it a way to reach India, are informed by indigestible exaggeration that this practically inaccessible from the north and that Russia would be wasting time in any endeavor to march through Tibet. At present it certainly would appear that Russia has no desire to interfere with England in India or anywhere else. The Bear has his hands (or should we say paws?) more than full, although, so far, Japan has escaped even a playful embrace.

Speaking of explorers and the many useful bits of information they give us, I was deeply pained, on looking through the September number of a New York magazine, to find an article by Mr. Arthur Heming, "An Artist in the Wilds of Northern Canada." Mr. Arthur Heming is an old Hamilton boy, and a very capable fellow, and it is to be proud. But why can't he take the peaches of Niagara, the grapes of Pelee Island or the tomatoes of the county of Kent for illustration instead of our "wilds," which have been written up so many times that we cannot blame the foreman for arriving at our gates with a large supply of blankets and a deadly fear of being tomahawked on the streets of Montreal or being scalped in the lonely retreats of our own High Park? But to return to the Canadian wilderness. Mr. Heming will tell with pen and pencil in early numbers some of the remarkable things which befell him in the Canadian wilds."

Now, if an enemy had done this thing we should have been angered, but not disconsolate. But that a man from Hamilton, which is quite as warm a town in July and August as Buffalo or Syracuse, should deliberately take up his pencil and other murderous weapons and paint such pictures as appear in that article fills us with grief and amazement. Here we are again with snowshoes, toboggan suits, furs, and queer Indian garments with fringe that look like ragged pyramids. The first picture consists of snow, a tree or two and the artist, with the inscription, "Midwinter in the Heart of the Canadian Wilderness." On the opposite page appears "The Artist and one of his Woodland Costumes." There is more costume than artist, the former consisting of blankets tied with a profusion of strings. There are also gauntlets and a gun.

Of course Indians are going to be daubed all over the page and the author complacently states: "I have traveled and camped with the Wood Crees, Stonies, Bloods, Blackfeet, Sarcees, Ojibwas, Saulteaux, Crees, Saulteaux, Iroquois, Chippewas, Dogrib, Piegan, Micmacs and other Indian tribes." Just think of a man who has traveled and camped with people of such unpardonable names when he might be living in the shadow of the Hamilton Mountain, knowing the occasion in joy to a trip to Toronto when a champion was to be welcomed or a fire to be extinguished! But he continues his tale: "In pursuit of knowledge regarding the Canadian Indian I have traveled by canoe, 2,300 miles over snowshoes, 1,300 miles by dog-trains. . . I have slept in the wilderness at night, with a tent and with only a blanket over me, when the temperature was fifty-four below zero." Nice language this for a Canadian! If he has done all those extremely uncomfortable things he ought to try to forget them for the sake of his native land. We remember a few unpleasantnesses last winter when the trains were late and the snow piled up in dazzling heaps on the corner of King and Yonge streets. But would we think of writing an article for a New

York magazine about it? Never! At least, not unless we were asked to, and promised Kipling or Conan Doyle rates. When this author of congealed yams comes to Toronto, the Canadian Society of Authors will fall upon him in wrath and give him a course dinner of frozen fruits and ice cream, with table decorations of snowshoes festooned daintily with Berlin wool.

CANADIENNE.

An Old Salt's Observations.

THE feller that thinks there ain't no use in advertisin' is th' same man that don't believe in sendin' his little ones to school. There's one class of folks that's great sufferers from th' pre-ent price of beef, but don't git no sympathy from none of us. I mean th' fellers with th' black eyes.

When you're sizin' up your fellow-men be sure to take your observations in th' right latitude. Some men that's great when measured round th' waist is less than middlin' if you measure where they wear their hats. A feller in th' smokin'-room was kickin' on th' quality of th' ship's champagne. Two days later, after th' ship was wrecked, he was suckin' at a hank'chief soaked in dew an' sayin' that it tasted most remarkable good an' sweet.

I dreamt I went to hell. There was an awful wallin' in th' north-east corner. "What you doin' with that feller?" I asked of th' devil. "Oh," says he, "that's one of th' chaps that was always preachin' when he was up on earth, an' he's feelin' mighty bad about th' punishment I give him." "What you doin' to him?" I asked then. "Oh, jest makin' of him practice what he preached on earth," he says.

A woman passenger said to me one time, "Xerxy! I should think you'd git awful tired goin' to sea. You don't have no society." Later I was ashore, an' she asked me to come up to a lawn-party she was givin'. I went. I stayed a while an' sampled folks. "Is this society?" I asked. "It is," she says. Th' reason that I chuckled as I went away was because I was so glad I spend most my time at sea.

"What makes you go for such a long cruise on your yacht?" a feller asks a millionaire. "What's up?" the millionaire replies. "He'd been to sea two days when he rung th' jingle-bell for full speed an' told th' skipper to steer her straight for home." "What's up?" the skipper says. "Great Scott!" th' millionaire replies, "they ain't no newspapers out here, an' I ain't seen a ticker since we left our dock."—"Judge."

The Song of the Chauffeur.

Too! Too! To the right! Clear the way!
Give me room! Have a care!
I'm out for a spin—steady, there!
I travel far in my racing car!
With the too! of my horn and the flash of my light,
I'm a terror by day and a horror by night!

Too! Too! I'm coming! Take my dust!
Look sharp! Out the way!
What's that you say?
Who can't for a fine? The highway is mine!

Give me speed! That's what I need!
Eight miles an hour? Twelve miles?
Ho, ho!
Don't think for a minute I go that slow!

With a whizz and a click and a bump
The rate that I travel is forty and more,
But there's nothing to fear,
I know how to steer!
My grip is of steel,
Every tremor I feel
Of my automobile,
And I'm steady and ready, cool-headed and strong—
I'm king of the highway while plunging along!

Too! Too! Keep your head! Clear the road!
There's hell to pay
If you get in my way!
I've ample provision against a collision,
Yet once in a while—it makes me smile—
Something blows up or something breaks down,
Or perhaps we run over a country clown.
Mistakes are made,
But why be afraid?
Sooner or late—tis ordered by Fate—
We'll all go to die!
Why should you care how, when or where?
Ho, laugh at the thought when pleasure is sought—
Be happy to ride
In front at my side
In a car that's a steed, a glutton for speed,
And smother your fear!
Trust me to steer!
My grip is of steel,
Every tremor I feel
Of my automobile,
And I'm steady and ready, cool-headed and strong,
I'm king of the highway while plunging along!

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Literary Comment.

MRS. Gertrude Atherton is nothing if not cheaply specious. Her books are to literature what musical comedy is to "Hamlet," and her latest threatnings are startling. "Patience Sparhawk," but, according to the New York "Tribune," she has had at her dramatic intentions, having written a Prologue to an "Unwritten Play" on Alexander Hamilton, which appears in the London "Outlook." The "Tribune" says: "It deals with the romance of James Hamilton and Rachel Lavine, and fixes the scene in the midst of a West Indian hurricane, which is not wilder than their passion. It is the story of 'The Conqueror,' told in a new form. . . . Are we to expect more of this? Is the unwritten play to be written along the lines of the prologue and Hamilton to be made the victim of a torrid melodrama?"

It is difficult to say what purling and falling upon a woman of Mrs. Atherton's obvious limitations when she undertakes to write either a novel or a play about such a figure as Alexander Hamilton. Her book, "The Conqueror," was almost a degree of truthfulness instead of calling the work strong when it is merely sensational. Critics who have read neither "The Heart of Midlothian" nor "Edmond" curl up in spasms of delight over the achievements of a Gertrude Atherton or a Marie Corelli. There is no doubt a touch of "erotic" in many so-called book reviews, but there are surely a few readers who have not fallen victims to yellow fiction.

Mrs. Atherton has lately treated a sensation by declaring that "American" literature and "American" writers are bourgeois, because, forsooth, they are too respectable and venture too seldom into the unconventional situations of life. If her own yarns are to be taken as an indication of the literary excellence that comes from wading in the unclean, let us see even unto the Sunday school libraries rather than cultivate a taste for such nauseating matter. "The Conqueror" is no doubt a most brilliant effort, and it is extremely dreary where it is not repulsive. West Indian hurricanes and reckless "Rachels" have their place in nature and in human nature. But, in view of the history of civilization, marriage is not an institution to be despised, even by the modern novel. Indecency is not invariably brilliant, nor are all respectable citizens unendurable. Occasionally genius comes from a comparatively well-ordered home. The depiction of a great passion can be accomplished effectively only by a writer "who sees life steadily and sees it whole," not by one who mistakes cheap melodrama for the tragedy of "Lear." If Mrs. Atherton would write about naughty people let her take Newport and the smart set for her atmosphere and characters, and her literary style will find its level.

"The Oxford Book of English Verse" (1250-1900), as chosen and edited by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, is a delightful volume that should be in every library. It contains the choicest bits of English poetry. The first selection, as you might very well know, is that "Cuckoo Song" which belongs to the England of long ago, when song of springtime came as spontaneously as the notes of the lark.

"Sumner is leucism in, Lhude sing cuss!" There are more than eight hundred poems in this volume, which closes with "Dominus Illuminatio Mea," which, modern though it may be, is as quaint as one of the old hymns in solemn Latin. Of course there are some poems which we should like to see; but it is wonderful to find such a collection of standard verse within the covers of one book. In modern poetry Mr. Couch has been most happy in his selections, although one cannot help wishing that he had chosen one of Mr. Newbolt's poems of the sea instead of "The Sea and the Wind," Henley, Stevenson, Kipling, Francis Thompson and Bliss Carman are all represented. Of course Henley's "Invictus" appears, but we are more thankful for the inclusion of "Margaret Soror" which follows, with "A Late Lark Twitters From the Quiet Skies," and it was in a good moment that the editor chose Kipling's "Envoi to Life's Handicap."

"My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-bankled the windows
flare;
By my own work, before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer."

It is significant that several of the latest poems show the influence of the Celtic in Ireland. "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" and "Dora Sigerson's little song are full of the new music. Mechanically the volume is as perfect as the blue-and-gold binding, the India paper, and the clear type of "Oxford. At the Clarendon Press" can make it. Since the year 1855, when Joseph Barnes was appointed "Printer to the University" and granted one hundred pounds from the University chest, the Oxford Press has meant the best of British publishing. The discovery of the Oxford India paper has reduced a bulky volume to one of such dainty elegance at once. The greatest enterprise of the famous press is the "Oxford English Dictionary," which hundreds of thousands of dollars will have been spent before it is completed. The Oxford type foundry is the most ancient in England, and some of the old music type and old style italic type presented by the famous Dr. Fell in 1666 are still occasionally used. In Canada the Oxford Press is represented by the new special branch in Toronto.

The one thing that may be prophesied about Mr. Rudyard Kipling is that he will write the unexpected. Just as those who cherish the "Plain Tales" and "Many Inventions" are lamenting the comparative flatness of "Things and the Man," there comes along a New York magazine containing his very latest short story, "They," of which it is difficult to speak in terms of appropriate appreciation. So exquisite is its imaginative delicacy, so subtle its mystic

suggestion, that it defies ordinary criticism or even discussion. Let it should be accused of extravagance and delusion. Listen to the words of the editor of the "Argonaut," who is the last man in the journalistic world to use words of unreflecting praise: "Ghosts story" is too material and gross a phrase to describe a work of such wistful beauty, of such haunting loveliness and strange indefinable charm as this tale entitled "They." It is a perfect thing. To change a line, to alter a phrase, would be like casting a clod into some still forest pool. Its beauty is as absolute as that of sunset or of dawn.

It is a revolt against the tyranny of those twin monarchs of the materialist, King Matter and King Force. . . . It ranks with the best that Kipling has written—and that is merely another way of saying with the best of modern works of the imagination. If it is to be classed in style and subject with the writer's other stories, I should place it with "The Brushwood Boy" and "The Children of the Zodiac," although it is superior to either in depth of imagination. The "Brushwood Boy" is the story of dreams fulfilled, while "They" is the story of unsatisfied yearning of dreams that may never come true. The children of the Zodiac are Kipling's hero-song of life itself, the lesson of "never, never be afraid." It is strange that this man who has written with such brutal strength about barack-room fights and sorry battle-fields should enter so perfectly into the spirit of a little child and into the heart of a woman—and the tenderest of women. Readers are unwilling to the editors of literary journals to ask what "They" may mean. In fact, it is such a letter that calls forth the "Argonaut's" editorial. But however mystical and fantastic the story may be it is as exquisite in its way as Charles Lamb's "Dream Children." The "roofs of rose-red tile" conceal a world of romance which can be found only by following the paths of "some out-of-the-way wood."

Although Mr. E. F. Benson has written several books, he is always referred to as "the author of 'Dodo.' Now, that work of fiction, whose title suggests extinction, while clever after a tawdry fashion, had a morbid flippancy that did not lead one to believe that the author would write anything so good as "The Challoners." In this latest work Mr. Benson shows a skill in characterization and an adroitness in dialogue that make the novel stimulating and refreshing. It is no new thing to introduce a clerical father of Puritan temperaments, who cannot join the Church of Rome, the clash of temperaments and the strife of those who had gone into the world that laughs at such Sidney Chaloners is as grateful as it is surprising when it is described by a writer who has until now lavished his best efforts on trivialities. (Toronto: William Tyrrill and Company.) J. G.

In a book dealing with woods and swamps, in fact with nature unadorned, one naturally looks to find people with characters in keeping with their surroundings. In "The Micmac" S. Carleton has managed with great success to introduce fashionable and wealthy people as the principal characters. In fact the book is so interesting that it is only when you have finished that you realize that they are in the midst of such unconventional surroundings. The fascinating Mrs. Marescaux, who causes the trouble of the hero and heroine, is well drawn. Even in the midst of her machinations one feels inclined to pity her, and eager to learn how she turns out in the end. Molly, the heroine, is a rattling nice girl, and we feel that Moulton is a lucky chap indeed even to have gained her love, although we cannot tell here the denouement. The story hangs well together and does not drag, being full of incident and life, the last episode of the swamp being particularly well told. In fact it is a very charming and interesting little book. (New York: Henry Holt and Company.) C. J.

A Tough World.

A little maid of seven summers had been busy for an hour dressing and undressing her pretty doll, but, tiring at last, she sat with folded hands, gazing fixedly in the glowing fire in the grate. Looking up, finally, with a thoughtful expression on her face, she said: "Mamma, if I get married when I grow up, will I have a husband like papa?"

The mother turned, and, looking down into the earnest eyes of the child, answered with a smile: "Why, yes, dear, if you get married you will have a husband like papa."

"If I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Nellie?"

"Yes, dear, you would be an old maid," answered the mother, laughing. "But what's the matter with that? Whatever you put such thoughts in that little head?"

"But the child didn't laugh; she only looked grave, and said dejectedly: 'Well, it's a pretty tough world for us women, ain't it?'"

"I want to advertise for a man," said the lady, approaching the want-advertisement counter in the daily newspaper office. "I want to get a man to carry coal in the winter, keep up the fire, shovel snow, mow the lawn in summer, also sprinkle, tend the flowers, mind the children, wash dishes, sweep the front porch, run errands, and all that kind of work—in short, I want a man who will always be around the place and can be called upon for any kind of hard work. He must be solid and reliable, a good appearance, not over thirty."

"Pardon, madam," said the clerk; "we cannot accept matrimonial advertisements."

Wiggs—Never make love to a married woman.

Higgs—Why not?

Wiggs—She'll think you are serious.

"When Physicians of High Order" recommend its use to nervous and dyspeptic people you may safely assume "It's all right"

"SALADA"

CEYLON tea is Delicious and Economical. Black, Mixed or Natural Green.

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED LEAD PACKETS. BY ALL GROCERS.



Infant's Delight Soap
JOHN TAYLOR & CO
PERFUMERS & SOAP MAKERS
TORONTO.

A Long Wait.
She was a maid who had been with the doctor for years, and the habitual expressions of those years could not be easily laid aside.

When the doctor died she remained at the house. An old friend of the doctor, who had been abroad and had not heard of his death, called and was admitted.

"I would like to see Dr. H.," he said. "I'm sorry," said the maid, "but the doctor is dead."

Stricken by this dread intelligence, the visitor sat silent for some minutes. After waiting some time the maid ventured timidly—

"Will you—will you—wait?"

"We really have no excuse for this," said the statesman.

"Very true," said the ambitious king; "but that need not worry you, as the historians of the future may be depended upon to develop a proper excuse."

"Need not tell me that like does not cure like," asserted the man with the apologetic moustache.

"No one; but the point I wanted to make was this: My wife was one of these drop-stitch waists until she got rheumatism, and then the nurse spread mustard on the waist and made a porous plaster of it and cured the rheumatism."

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

They are simply delicious, and a perfect food.

Plain or with Chili or Tomato Sauce.

W. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL

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Two nice rooms on ground floor of "Saturday Night" Building. Terms moderate.

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26-28 Adelaide Street West

used in homes all over Canada where purity is appreciated. It will not cake.

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AND ALL THE LATEST
ON TRIAL.

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Engagements,
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MILLAN,

to be awarded

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CULTURE

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YONGE ST.

MASON AND RISCH



ALL the careful finishing of each piece of wood, the exactness of measurement and the skilful workmanship put into each part of a Mason and Risch Piano, tells when it comes to putting the case together. Each part falls into its place exactly—not a misfit anywhere.

When the expert cabinet makers have finished putting the parts together you would think the case was hewn from a solid piece of wood. This high order of cabinet making is but one of the details that has made the Mason and Risch Piano the standard of excellence.

Perfection is the point at which we aim and we'll miss no detail that will help us to it.

Write us for full particulars of our easy-payment plan—it makes it easy to own one of these beautiful instruments.

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The Piano with a Soul.

Mason and Risch Piano Company, Limited, Toronto
Toronto Warerooms—32 King Street West



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LIMITED

A SOCIETY of expert craftsmen, expert draftsmen, expert designers, expert decorators, expert freestone artists, expert cooperists and competent advisors. Exclusive materials, exclusive rugs, exclusive light fixtures all displayed in our artistic studio. The object of the Society is to relieve the client of the responsibility of decorating a modern home, also to make the result artistically correct. We will be very pleased to have any interested person call and view our new Studios, where all materials, etc., new in Canada are shown.

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In order to display our large and elegant stock of Rugs to advantage, we have recently enlarged our premises by the addition of a space 60 x 20 adjoining our Art Rooms, where we are now exhibiting some of our finest specimens of Persian Silk Rugs.

Our patrons will find now a very handsomely decorated and comfortable room to inspect Rugs and they can see the night or daylight effect on every rug shown.

Our present rug stock is being added to by new shipments every week and we are now ready to suit all tastes as regards to colors, patterns, sizes and qualities.

We specially invite our numerous patrons and their friends to visit our fine exhibit in the Main Buildings, Toronto Exhibition.

Courian, Babayan & Co.

(Canada's Leading Rug Importers.)

40 KING STREET EAST

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Exhibition Visitors Come to Cook's Turkish Baths

We have recently purchased adjoining property which enables us to double our sleeping accommodation.

When you arrive in the city bring your grip here and secure your bed.

You can come in at any hour, have a good, exhilarating bath, a good sleep, wake up in the morning feeling like a young lion, and it costs no more than a cot in an hotel hallway.

A dainty bill-of-fare at all hours.

Ladies' days Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9.30 to 12 a.m., closing at 2 p.m.
Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during the day, or all night, including bed, \$1.00.

Cook's Turkish Baths

202-204 King Street West, Toronto.



THE engagement is announced of Miss Ardella Gillespie, daughter of the late Rev. John Gillespie and Mrs. Gillespie, to Mr. Harris Lincoln Hees.

Rev. G. A. Kuhring of Wycliffe College, Toronto, has been visiting his father, Mr. Karl Kuhring, in Quebec.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are visiting Senator and Mrs. Casgrain at Carleton, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Francis Murphy, charming people from Chicago, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. McCarthy of Barrie, were at the King Edward this week, en route to their Western home.

Among the arrivals at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Miss Quigley, Miss Lafon of Louisville, Miss Singleton of Newboro', Ont., Mr. H. A. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Andrews of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Ross of Cornwall, Mrs. R. Z. Rogers of Grafton, Miss J. D. Robinson, Mrs. Schaefer of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomson Wilson, Mrs. Bulkeley, Mrs. Nolan, Mr. H. D. and Mrs. McKenzie of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Nelles of Simcoe, Mr. and Mrs. Monaghan of Cleveland, Miss Goodrich of Rockford, Ill., Mrs. Duffield of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. Spencer, Mr. C. C. Spencer and son of London, Mrs. D. L. Smith, Miss Smith, Miss F. Schaefer of Buffalo, Mrs. Mavety, Mrs. Cross, Miss E. Cross, Miss D. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Smallpiece, Miss A. Milligan of Toronto.

The State ball given by His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto at the viceregal quarters on the citadel, in Quebec, on August 19th, was a brilliant event, at which there were present more than five hundred guests. The Countess wore a charming gown of white satin, and the guests were received in the large reception room. Pretty gowns and brilliant uniforms made it one of the most picturesque events that the old city of so many festivities has witnessed in late years. Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas and the officers of the British warships in port made a most interesting element in the social gaiety of the evening. The decorations were of a military nature, with scarlet and blue the dominant colors, and the lights of the Chinese lanterns on the terrace made a bright avenue above the dark St. Lawrence. The music provided by the band of the Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery was delightfully in keeping with the gay scene, and dancing was kept up long after midnight. The only note of sadness in the evening's festivity was its farewell nature. Their Excellencies are to make a Western trip all the way to the Pacific to say "good-bye" to "golden Canada," as an optimistic Winnipegger calls it. Toronto is hoping for a final visit, but as yet the matter is not decided.

Mrs. and Miss Bradley of 226 Seaton street have returned from spending their vacation in the White Mountains, N.H., and Old Orchard, Maine.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton and Mrs. Thompson Seton are at Hawatha Camp, Kensington Point, where the famous writer may be accumulating material for an addition to "Lives of the Hunted."

The engagement is announced of Miss Jennie Buchanan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sheron Buchanan, Galt, to Mr. W. H. Hunter. The wedding will take place on September 7.

A New York writer of fashions, speaking of some new English gowns, says:

"It must be confessed that the descriptions of some of the English wedding gowns make those of the American bride seem tame and uninteresting. Take, for example, the wedding gown of Lady Marjorie Gordon, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. It was, of course, of white silk, but a ribbed and not a plain fabric, and was embroidered in silver and white in sprays of ivy—the badge of the Gordons—and broom, the latter being the badge of the Sinclairs—the bridegroom being Captain John Sinclair. The embroidery, which was exquisite, was done by the Irish School of Art Needlework at Dublin from designs made at the Dublin Metropolitan School of Art, part of it being done by Lady Aberdeen's own embroiderer. The frock was also trimmed with old Brussels point. Her veil was also Brussels point, fastened with orange blossoms. The bridesmaids at this wedding, instead of hats wore wreaths of ivy and Malmaison pinks, and scarfs of blue chiffon were laid around their shoulders and drooped over each arm, their frocks being quaint gowns of white silk fashioned in the early Victorian style. Their bouquets were bunches of ivy and broom."

A gorgeous gown, made for Lady Curzon to wear at Buckingham Palace just before she was placed in mourning by the death of her father, Lord Z. Leiter, was made by workers at Delhi, entirely of Indian embroideries in silver. The gown was extremely heavy, several pounds of silver thread being used on the design that extended over the length of the court train."

Miss Grant of "Ardmene," Hamilton, and Miss Armstrong of Spadina avenue, spent the week-end at Silver Beach, Scarborough, the guests of Mrs. A. Burgess Barry.

Mrs. H. Ganier and little daughter are at Niagara-on-the-Lake and expect to remain there until their new home is completed in Chestnut Park road, Rosedale.

A delightful tea was given by Mrs. Charles Godfrey of Atlanta, Ga., on Thursday afternoon of last week at



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TORONTO VIAVI CO.
SUITE 1,
CONFEDERATION
LIFE BUILDING,
TORONTO,
CAN.

PHONE—MAIN 3049.

the Niagara Golf Club. Tea was served out on the green under the old trees. Miss McGaw presided over the tea-cups, assisted by Miss Maud Weil, Miss Agnes McGaw, the Misses Beatrice and Ethel Webster and Miss Florence Hewand. Mrs. Godfrey was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Arthur, in receiving her guests.

At the home of the bride's parents, 56 Homewood avenue, on Wednesday evening, August 17, Ada Loretta, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Stalton, was married to Mr. James Labbett by Rev. James Rabin, pastor of Central Methodist Church. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Nellie Stalton, and the best man was Mr. Will Labbett. The wedding march was played by Miss Margery Labbett. Mr. and Mrs. Labbett left on a trip to Eastern Ontario cities and on their return will reside in Toronto.

The marriage will take place at St. Peter's Church, Hershman-on-Thames, England, on Tuesday, August 30, of Miss Isabel Howland, daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Howland of Toronto, to Mr. John Kemerys Warneford.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth and their daughter, Miss Marjorie Forsyth, are spending several weeks at Grand Metis, Quebec.

Invitations have been issued at Kingston for the marriage of Miss Flora Fenwick, daughter of the late Mr. George S. Fenwick, to Mr. Norman Wilfrid McKay of the Bank of Hamilton, Atwood. The wedding will take place on September 6.

Miss Louise Lefevre of Lakefield is leaving Canada soon on a long journey to China, where she will visit her brother. She will visit her grandfather, Mr. Kivas Tully of Toronto, next week before her departure. Mr. Tully and the Misses Tully, who have been occupying Mr. Ernest Du Vernet's house in Indian road during the absence of the latter's family in England, will return to their flat in town on Monday next.

Denison, costumer, 52 Carlton street, will re-open for fall trade Aug. 25. Latest Parisian and New York novelties.

The Independent Order of Foresters have received a large number of applications for their little booklet on Canada, called "National Facts and Figures." As they are having a large number published, however, they will be glad to send it to all who apply for the same to Dr. Oronhyatekha, S.C.R., Temple Building, Toronto, Canada.

At the Grand Next Week.

It is held that plays derived from successful books appeal to two classes of people, one being the readers of the book who go to see it in play-shape out of curiosity, and the other the regular theater-goer who makes it a point to see everything that holds out promise of good entertainment. If this is so it is easy to understand that the dramatized version of "David Harum," which is to be presented at the Grand Opera House next week, has proven immensely attractive. Certainly the book has had a tremendous sale—the publishers claim over a half-million copies—and should all of its readers want to see it in its play-form its success could not help but be enormous.

The opening scene of the play is an exterior. On one side is Aunt Polly's house with its trellis-covered verandah and old-fashioned garden. On the



DAVID HARUM.

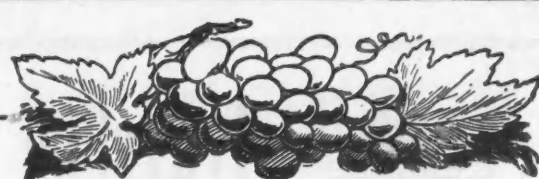
other is David's bank, and in the background is the big barn. In this act Harum sells the balky horse to Deacon Perkins, the horse that would "stand without hitchin'." The second act shows Harum in the office behind the counting-room of the bank, and the third act is laid in the sitting-room of Aunt Polly's house. The kindly side of Harum's character is shown in this act, and in it he tells the story of his visit to the circus with Billy P. Cullom. Mr. William H. Turner's reading of the lines in this scene is said to be exceptionally good.

The dramatization is the work of R. and M. W. Hitchcock, and they have accomplished much in transplanting the story and character sketches to the stage.

The play is now in its third year and its success has been extraordinary. No comedy produced in recent years has approached it in the matter of popularity. It is a book very close to the heart, it is clean and wholesome, it is full of good humor, rugged epigrams and healthy philosophy. The play will undoubtedly attract a very large audience.

Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinaw.

For a delightful trip take the Grand Trunk train leaving Toronto at 8.45 a.m., which connects at Collingwood every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday with Northern Navigation Company's steamers for trip through Upper Lakes to Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinaw. Reduced rate in effect from Toronto of \$24.75 for the round trip, includes meals and berth on steamer. For further information and tickets call at city ticket office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.



What **Fruit-a-tives** are

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in tablet form. They are the laxative, tonic and curative principles of fruit—combined into pleasant tasting pellets. They contain all the virtues of fruit—but by the secret process of making them, their action on the human system is many times intensified.

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"Fruit-a-tives" are the natural and logical cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Their action is that of fresh fruit, only very much surer and more effective. Then too, they are free of fruit acids, sugar and woody fibre which often prevent fresh fruit being beneficial.

Try "Fruit-a-tives" and see how quickly they cure you of Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bilious Headache, Loss of Appetite and Kidney troubles.

At all Druggists.
In 50c. boxes.

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SPRINGS**

The solid comfort and enjoyment of a summer at this delightful resort. Amusements for some. Rest and quiet for others. Ease and luxury for all. Ideal climate and surroundings. Magnificent hotel—all conveniences. Best service and cuisine. Telephone in every room. Elevator—steam heat—hot and cold baths in the new bath house. "Magi" Caledonia Springs on the hotel grounds. The "Magi" Water takes away every trace of Rheumatism and Rheumatic Gout.

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Two in a room, from \$10 to \$15 per week. Single rooms from \$12 to \$20. In the Backs' Hall rented to gentlemen only, the Wigwam to Ladies only. American plan \$8 and \$9 per week. Popular priced Club breakfasts and special hot dinners. Beautiful lawns facing Lake Ontario. Just the place for conventions. CHAS. B. TRUITT, Manager.

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WINNETT & THOMPSON, Proprietors.

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Special rates for June

New Casino, New Golf Links

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MILFORD BAY HOUSE MUSKOKA LAKE, ONTARIO. First-class in all its appointments. Post and Telegraph Offices on premises. Modern sanitary improvements. No hay fever. Fine Sandy Beach for bathing. Fine spring of pure water, eradicates malaria. Steam Yacht in connection with hotel. Good Fishing. Furnished Cottages to Let. Boats and Canoes for hire. Lawn Tennis, Croquet, Swings, Quoits, etc. Grand Piano. Lit with Acetylene Gas. Room for 100 guests. Terms, \$8 to \$10 per week. \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. Write R. STROUT, Proprietor, as above, for folder.

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City Dairy milk and cream are as clean and pure as conscientious care and effort can make them. We use no coloring matter or thickener to make them appear rich—no preservative to keep them sweet—not anything to deceive the public.

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Qualified Druggists always in charge of our dispensing department.

W. J. A. & H. CARMANAN,

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Agency—"F. & D." Stomach Tablets.

SHEA'S THEATER

Matinees Daily, 2:30. WEEK AUG. 29. Evenings 8:15 & 9:30

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER & CO.

Presenting "The Wrong Man."

RAYMOND & CAVERLY

German Comedians.

STANLEY & BROCKMAN

The Duke, the Count and the Piano.

MONTGOMERY & PEARL

Comedy Musical Act.

THE FAUST TRIO

"The Haunted Castle."

THE JACK THEO TRIO

Novelty Equilibrium.

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With New Pictures.

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With some Splendid Songs.

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Week Commencing AUG. 29. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

Return of Last Season's Favorite

William H. Turner

—AS—

DAVID

HARUM

David Harum says: "Do unto the other teller the way he'd like to do unto you—but do it first."

THE MISSES STERNBERG

re-open their classes in

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND DANCING

on MONDAY, Oct. 3rd, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Elm St. Prospectus on application. Residence—18 Tyndall Ave.



Traveling Bags

Do you want a Bag to last for one trip or to last for years?

The experience of all buyers of a good Bag is that even with years of hard wear it always has a good appearance and shows that it is of the best quality.

The New Pattern Deep Club Bag No. 999

made of the best quality of natural grain leather, leather-lined, flat double handles, made of three pieces of leather only, and the finest frame made. **PRICE—16 inch, 10.00; 18 inch, 11.00; 20 inch, 12.00.**

CATALOGUE "S" describes this handsome Bag and other lines we make. It is mailed free. We pay express charges in Ontario.

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Bottled at the "Rhens" Spring in Germany—Rhens on the Rhine.

Its mild and refreshing taste, its natural effervescence, its agreeable flavor and purity make the "RHENS" Water unrivaled as a **Table Drink** for daily use. It mixes with milk, white or red wines, champagnes, liquors of all kinds and fruit syrups, without affecting either their color or particular properties and is therefore highly relished by the fastidious.

For Sale at leading Drug Stores and first-class Hotels and Cafes.

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It is better than electricity, because it does not sear or produce a new growth, better than X-ray, because it does not burn, sear or paralyze the tissues under the skin. Better than depilatories, because it is not poisonous, therefore, it will not cause blood poisoning, or produce eczema, which is so common with depilatories, and does not break off the hair, thereby increasing its growth.

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Society

The marriage of Miss Edith Carpenter, only daughter of Mr. Peter Carpenter of Toronto, to Professor Walter W. Harries of Montreal was celebrated in the Church of the Ascension at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon by the rector, Rev. G. A. Kuhring, Mrs. Clark, the organist, presiding at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a gown of silver-grey silk collette over white taffeta silk; the skirt was tucked and had a long train trimmed with grey chiffon, also polka dots embroidered in silk; the bodice had a drop yoke of white shirred chiffon and bertha of duchess lace, angel sleeves with white corded pleated chiffon puff and lace medallions to match the bertha. She wore a white picture hat of pleated Malines and Brussels applique lace, with white ostrich plume drooping gracefully at the side, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Miss Martha Kyle was maid of honor, and wore cream silk crepe de Chine over taffeta silk and yoke of chiffon richly trimmed with applique, also chiffon picture hat with ostrich plumes. She carried pink roses. Mr. Cecil Tredger of Toronto was best man. A reception was afterwards held at the home of the bride's parents, 41 Peter street, and later in the day Professor and Mrs. Harries left for Niagara en route for Buffalo and New York, the bride wearing a gown of blue cloth trimmed with cream lace and navy and gold braid, hat to match, made of chenille with facing of white cloth trimmed with pleated velvet ribbon and coque feathers.

Miss Kathleen and Miss Madeline Macrae are visiting Mrs. Spence of Avenue road for a few weeks.

Among last week's visitors at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, were: Dr. and Mrs. Albert Ham, Miss Ham, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Hunter, Mr. A. C. Martin, Mr. Stanhope P. Williams, Mr. Albert H. W. Cartfield, Mr. B. Downes, Miss Seamore, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Beatty, Miss N. Hagarty, Mr. H. H. Suydam, Mr. J. W. McKenzie, Mr. F. B. Matthews, Miss Sybil Broomer, Mr. S. Small, Mr. Stephen Haas, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Worsley, Mr. A. E. Boyle, Mr. R. Reinhardt, Mr. H. I. Cornell, Mr. A. W. Barnard, Mr. G. F. Hagarty, Mrs. Hagarty of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. White, Mr. and Mrs. Hillgas, Miss Grace A. Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. D. Good, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Holmes, Miss Mary Good, Mr. S. H. Woodruff, Mr. George A. Davis, Mr. Dexter Rumsey, Mr. E. Fleischmann, Mr. George A. Clark, Mr. J. H. Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Elsie, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hard, Mr. and Mrs. Wilgelm, Mr. E. Pierpont, Mr. M. R. T. Lyon, Mr. C. Cowles, Mr. R. S. Ingleheart, Mr. C. H. Little of Buffalo, Professor C. A. Salistorm of London, England, Mr. J. D. Podmore, Mr. D. Colson, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Towers, Mr. A. J. McClain, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Butman, Mr. F. C. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Williams, Mr. C. B. Purdon, Dr. B. R. Schenck, Mrs. A. E. Louis of New York, Mr. J. R. Walker of Hamilton, Mr. J. B. Hamilton of Calgary, Mr. Walter B. Kingsmill of St. Thomas, Mr. E. E. Lothrop of Providence, Mr. H. N. De Witt of Montreal, Mr. Ward Mallin of Philadelphia, Mrs. E. B. Hamond, Mrs. E. G. Markey, Mrs. John Griffiths, Miss J. N. Demond of Chicago, Mr. J. T. Woods, Miss Helen Woods, Mr. R. H. Wardell, Mr. S. F. Moorhouse, Dr. and Mrs. William Clark, Dr. and Mrs. B. McCarty, Miss Mary Spence, Miss Bell McKee, Mrs. Shilbille of Rochester, Miss Chapman, Mr. Ives, Miss Ives of Medina, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Collins of Albion, N.Y., Mr. C. E. T. W. of Toledo, Mr. and Mrs. Schenck of Syracuse, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ellis of Orono, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Ingles, Mr. and Mrs. Max MacMurtrei, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Corning of Cleveland, Mr. T. Tisdale of Simcoe.

Burton, at O'Brien's, merchant tailor, King street west, announces that the stock selected last month by him for the season has arrived and is now complete.

Why the I.O.F. Grows.

The "Western Canadian," published at Manitou, Man., in its issue of July 21 has the following article. It need only be said that the spirit in which the Rev. Mr. Gordon was dealt with is the same as that in which the Supreme Executive deals with all the members of the I.O.F.:

"The Independent Order of Foresters deserve credit for honesty in dealing with members of the Order. In October, 1903, the Rev. A. Gordon received \$200 as first payment of his policy of \$2,000, he having, as he supposed, just passed his 70th year. Not being certain as to the exact date of his birth, he got an older brother to look up records and make a declaration of date of birth for him. When this was done it was found he had really passed his 73rd birthday. The facts of the case were laid before the Supreme Chief Ranger, Dr. Oronhyatekha, and in a few days an additional cheque for \$600 was sent for Mr. Gordon's benefit, with a letter stating that as soon as he reaches his 74th birthday a further cheque for \$200 will be sent him; so by next October he will have received \$1,000, or half of his total policy. The Financial Secretary, Mr. Huston, has received a letter from Mr. Gordon, in which he says: 'Your letter was a great surprise to me. I had not dreamed of receiving the payments on my policy since I was seventy years of age. It is a great pleasure to have to do business with the Independent Order of Foresters. Their promptitude and honesty is most commendable. The prosperity of the Order is an illustration of the influence honesty and sound business principles have with the public.'

The following is the list of names registered at the United Arts and Crafts Studio recently: Mrs. T. G. Darling of Chicago, Miss Florence M. Darling of Evanston, Ill., Mrs. W. A. Grant of Kingston, Mrs. Williams of Chicago, Mrs. H. E. Gates of London, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Chambers of Winnipeg, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Kippa of Chicago, Mrs. Charles W. Leonard of London, Mrs. Alexander Fraser of Niagara Falls, Ont., Mrs. W. Barrington Riley of Niagara Falls, Mrs. E. Duckworth of St. Louis, Mrs. Agnes Panson Hollowell of Jendintown, Pa., Miss M. E. Gillies, Braeside, Ont., T. A. Newman of Chicago, Mrs. M. T. Buchanan of Ingersoll, Mrs. F. D. Hall, "The Grange," Perth, Mrs. C. I. Shurley of Galt, Mrs. Taylor of St. Catharines, Mrs. Rathbun, Mrs. Rathbun, Jr.

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Births

Adams—Aug. 19, Thornton, Mrs. R. D. Adams, a daughter.
Cuttle—Aug. 21, Pefferlaw, Mrs. F. W. Cuttle, a daughter.
Farewell—Aug. 22, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur Farewell, a daughter.
Maas—Aug. 22, West Flamboro, Mrs. Wallace F. Maas, a daughter.
Milne—Aug. 21, Toronto, Mrs. John A. Milne, a daughter.
Smith—Aug. 21, Toronto, Mrs. J. C. Smith, a daughter.
Stewart—Aug. 22, Toronto, Mrs. W. F. Stewart, a son.

Marriages

Cranston—Martin—Aug. 17, Exeter, Jeanette Munro Martin to the Rev. R. A. Cranston.
Darling—Gibson—At Beamsville, Elizabeth Wyllie Neilson Gibson to Charles Warren Darling.
Schenck—McCallum—Aug. 17, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Jessie McCallum to Dr. B. R. Schenck.
Sutcliffe—Birkenthal—Aug. 24, Toronto, Birdie Birkenthal to William Sugarmann.
White—Perrett—Aug. 17, Pembroke, Clara Dunlop Perrett to Edwin T. White.
Winton—Davison—Aug. 24, Toronto, Elizabeth Davison to G. A. Winton.

Deaths

Bates—Aug. 21, Killaloe Station, E. A. Bates, aged 82 years.
Belt—Aug. 23, Grace Church Rectory, Milton West, Alfred Jasper, Moss Belt, aged 15 years and 7 months.
Brenner—Aug. 21, Sarnia, John Brenner, aged 74 years.
Brown—Aug. 23, Chicago, Janet Brown, Cleland, Frank Cleland.
Craig—Aug. 20, Toronto, Hugh Craig, aged 82 years.
Garrett—Aug. 20, Toronto, Ernest Lorne Garrett.
Jardine—Aug. 22, Toronto, Arbuckle Jardine, aged 81 years.
Johnston—Aug. 24, Aurora, Janet Rennie Johnston, aged 81 years.
Laughton—Aug. 23, Toronto Junction, Margaret Marshall Laughton, aged 86 years.
Manning—Aug. 22, Toronto, Colombia Manning.
Maw—Aug. 19, Commanda, Robert Bate-man Maw, aged 82 years.
McFadyen—Aug. 23, Floral, Pa., Donald D. McFadyen.
Nodder—Aug. 22, Whitby, Joseph Nodder, aged 84 years.
Stone—Aug. 19, Toronto General Hospital, Matthew H. Stone, aged 64 years.

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